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EDITORIAL

WESTMINSTER: REAGAN'S TURN

Just possibly President Reagan's diplomacy is slightly awry. That observation will of course surprise and shock the readers of this journal, but we feel it must be said about the latest international crisis.

It seems that the White House "leaked" the news that the President, on his trip to Europe in June, will become the first American President ever to address the Mother of Parliaments—both Commons and Lords, gathered in historic Westminster Hall.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the intimate of Churchill and first leader of the Atlantic alliance, never made it there. Eisenhower, victorious commander of all the Allied forces of World War II, was never, as President, asked to speak there. In the nine-century history of that ancient meeting place the only foreign head of state to get to that podium was Charles de Gaulle, in 1960.

But Ronald Reagan has made a deal with Margaret Thatcher to do a turn on those historic boards.

The diplomatic trouble arises from the leak. It seems that Mrs. Thatcher, who has so much in common with the President (unemployment, monetarism, etc.), had not even had time to ask Parliament whether its members wanted to hear from him before a jubilant White House revealed this triumph of image-building.

The opposition Labor Party says no to Reagan in Westminster Hall. Should we take umbrage? Could a "Shame!" disfigure the image? Heaven forfend!

The national honor is at stake. The President must be permitted to address Parliament. Let every American stand behind him in this demand. And let the members of Parliament sit there and take it. Western solidarity requires it. We should brook no opposition.

PODHORETZ AND THE 'U.S. CASE'
William Attwood

THE RIGHTS STRUGGLE IN CANADA
Edgar Z. Friedenberg

CABLE TV VS. PUBLIC ACCESS
Thomas J. McGrew

McGUANE'S WESTERN
Geoffrey Stokes

POETRY UNYOKED
Richard Howard

PAX ROMANA

THE 'PEACE CATHOLICS' SPEAK OUT

JOHN DEEDY

Back in the days of World War II, the Korean conflict and the early part of the Vietnam War, the sight of Francis Cardinal Spellman—the "military vicar"—waving a little American flag as he was about to board a plane for his annual Christmas visit to American troops was a familiar one. If any one bishop epitomized the American Roman Catholic hierarchy's adulation of the military system, it was Cardinal Spellman.

Today that image is changing markedly, as more and more bishops take public stands against nuclear war. Even in Spellman's day, the Roman Catholic Church did not speak with a single voice, but the views of the new breed of "peace bishops" would make the Cardinal turn over in his crypt.

There is Bishop Bernard Flanagan of Worcester, Massachusetts, who called for a halt to "all production of nuclear weapons" and a start in the process of disarmament—"unilaterally, if necessary." And Bishop Leroy Matthiesen of Amarillo, Texas, who told workers at Pantex, the neutron bomb assembly plant near Amarillo, that they should consider quitting their jobs for moral reasons. And Montana's Bishops Elden Curtiss and Thomas Murphy of Helena and Great Falls-Billings, respectively, who opposed the deployment of the MX missiles. And Bishop Michael Kenny of Juneau, Alaska, who questioned not just the use but the very possession of nuclear weapons.

And by now Spellman's shade must be aware of Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle, Washington, who announced that he will withhold 50 percent of his 1981 Federal income tax in

(*Continued on Page 338*)

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LETTERS.

THE POLITICS OF CHILD CARE

New York City

Perhaps the last point of Jill Norgren and Sheila Cole's article "Heaven Help the Working Mother" [*The Nation*, Jan. 23] was just hastily phrased. The article as a whole was certainly informative about the history and current status of the struggle for a Federal child-care policy that would help working parents. But we are responding in case the authors were dead serious when they recommended "converting a women's issue into an economic issue" on the theory that such a conversion would attract broader support for child-care assistance.

There are still a number of people who refuse to see or to concede that "women's issues"—the political issues of women's liberation—enjoy an enormous appeal. The main ideas of women's liberation and the renewed movement for equal relations between the sexes have touched a deep and responsive chord in the American people. Norgren and Cole themselves note that a comprehensive child-care bill passed both houses of Congress in 1972, only to be vetoed by President Nixon.

There would be a loss in support, not to mention in consciousness-raising clarity, if women's issues were converted into economic issues. Women's poverty, after all, is not caused simply by general economic conditions but largely by discrimination, a political condition. Both kinds of issues, the political and the economic, are important. Women, being human, will—like men—fight for freedom as well as for bread.

Kathie Sarachild
Redstockings of the Women's Liberation Movement

NORGREN AND COLE REPLY

New York City; Solana Beach, Calif.

The political issues of women's liberation do enjoy wide support. As women who have worked for, and written about, the women's movement, we have both tried to create and enhance such support. Nevertheless, if this "enormous appeal" had spilled over into child care, the United States probably would have formulated a comprehensive child-care policy. In a short article, it was not possible to enumerate the complex reasons for the repeated failure to enact comprehensive child-care legislation in this country. Our recommendation that child care now be presented as an economic issue, however, reflects our concern about this continuing failure and our belief that the politics of 1982 demand broader coalitions that can present policy demands with different perspectives.

Child care *is* a women's issue; it is also a family issue, a children's issue and an economic issue. To claim child care exclusively as a women's liberation issue is to undermine efforts to make children the concern of both their parents and society.

In an economy as beleaguered as ours, it is likely that economic arguments will have the most political clout. This has been true in Europe, where more extensive child-care programs have been instituted as correlates of labor and population policies. European women's groups have lobbied in concert with other groups pressing economic and population arguments. They have also operated from within labor unions. In other words, they have avoided rigid turf problems. They have learned to frame their demands within larger contexts—the family, children, population and economics. We need this kind of flexibility in the United States. Washington is a trendy place. If the password now is economics, child-care advocates must be astute enough to formulate their proposals accordingly.

Jill Norgren
Sheila Cole

SILKWOOD UPDATES

New York City

Saul Landau's review of *Who Killed Karen Silkwood?* by Howard Kohn ["The Anti-Nuclear Gang," *The Nation*, Feb. 20] needs a postscript from real life. "It is, refreshingly," writes Landau about the book, "a story in which some heroes with solid moral values win a measure of justice from some old-fashioned black-hearted villains."

Actually, in December a Federal appeals court reduced a landmark $10.5 million award to the Silkwood estate to a mere $5,000 in property damages against Silkwood's employer, the Kerr-McGee Corporation (the ruling is being appealed). Lawyers for Kerr-McGee successfully argued that publicity from the 1979 accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear reactor in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the ensuing antinuclear "hysteria" prevented a fair hearing of the case.

But now the nuclear industry is back to business as usual, with a friend in the White House, a pocket full of Federal subsidies and a hefty advertising budget, including outlays for radio and TV commercials designed to allay any needless "hysteria" over nuclear energy.

Susan Jaffe

Boulder, Colo.

In reviewing Howard Kohn's jazzed-up book on Karen Silkwood your reviewer ignored the existence of the earlier, factual and unjazzed-up version of what was *not* "a soap opera."

I refer to Richard Rashke's *The Killing of Karen Silkwood*, still available for $11.95 from the Karen Silkwood Fund, Youth Project, Box 22068, Washington, D.C. 20002. Part of the price goes to the fund. (Penguin has just published a paperback edition of the book priced at $5.95.)

The revolting "new trend" of trivializing every grim event and every victim as part of an "imaginatively rewritten history," whether presented as novel or as nonfiction, throws a spotlight on the integrity of those who practice the "craft" and obscures those who deserve our continuing interest and support.

The award to the Silkwood children and her parents, struck down on appeal, is being refought in the courts, and this takes (*1*) money and (*2*) people armed with the facts. By reading Rashke's book, we will be.

And we still want to know how Silkwood's documents on Kerr-McGee derelictions disappeared from her car, and how this whiz of an amateur stock-car racer killed herself on a clear highway on a dry night. Read Rashke!

Martha M. Garlin

ISRAEL'S SPY FLIGHTS

Jerusalem

The enormously valuable and illuminating "Letter to the West" by Roy A. Medvedev and Zhores A. Medvedev ["A Nuclear *Samizdat* on America's Arms Race," *The Nation*, Jan. 16] nevertheless contains one important error.

In their footnote on page 42, the authors write: "To this day, the United States remains the only country in the world that . . . still maintains a program of [spy] flights over the territory of other countries." That is not correct. Israel has for a long time maintained a very similar program of flights over other countries, claiming its "right" to do so. The United States has recognized this "right" in the case of Lebanon and even in the case of Syria, although it "advises" Israel not to attack the Syrian missiles. . . .

Israel Shahak

REVIEWER REVIEWED

Newark, N.J.

Re: J D O Hara's "review" of Sorrentino ["Coteries and Poetries," *The Nation*, Jan. 2-9]. Why should English teachers from Ct review poets, novelists? Let him review Eng Dept theses!

Has J D ever written anything of value? Why shd we listen to him? His is a dead ass sensibility if there ever was one.

Why does *The Nation* always mobilize these creepy old world *desirers* after literature to trash writers?

Amiri Baraka

O'HARA REPLIES

Storrs, Conn.

Old world? Born NYC, raised outside Newark, LeRoi. Sure I've "written anything of value" (fancy talk!)—my Sorrentino review, fr'instance. Did you read it? I can't tell from your card. Judging by your insult, you were crouched at the wrong end of my sensibility. An English course would set you straight. Your cheerful lit-luster,

J D O'H

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CONTENTS.

Volume 234, Number 11

LETTERS
322

EDITORIALS
321 Westminster: Reagan's Turn
323 Covert Reaction
324 Whose Figures?
325 Campus Cartels
326 *Dispatches* — *Elizabeth Farnsworth and Stephen Talbot*

ARTICLES
321 Pax Romana: The "Peace Catholics" Speak Out — *John Deedy*
328 The Podhoretz Project: How—and How Not—To "Press the American Case" — *William Attwood*
330 As *The World* Turns: Newspapers for the Privileged — *Michael Massing*
332 Cable TV and Public Access: Whose Right is Righter? — *Thomas J. McGrew*
335 Canada's New Constitution: The Struggle for Human Rights — *Edgar Z. Friedenberg*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
341 McGuane: Nobody's Angel — *Geoffrey Stokes*
342 Ponsot: Admit Impediment
Pollitt: Antarctic Traveller
Sadoff: A Northern Calendar
Schnackenberg: Portraits and Elegies
Logan: Sad-Faced Men — *Richard Howard*
345 Schlesinger and Kinzer: Bitter Fruit: The Untold Story of the American Coup In Guatemala — *Cynthia Brown*
346 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Drawings by Lou Myers

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EDITORIALS.

Covert Reaction

For more than a year we have been warning of the danger to free speech posed by the Intelligence Identities Protection Act, the naming-of-agents bill that has already passed the House and is now before the Senate. As we have noted [see editorial, "Hanging Together," *The Nation*, November 7, 1981], most of the debate over this measure—between the Administration and its critics as well as among the critics themselves—has not concerned the fundamental question of whether to punish citizens who disclose information identifying covert agents or informants. Rather, it has concerned the subsidiary issue of the standard to be used to determine who should be punished—those who disclose information "with intent to impair or impede the foreign intelligence activities of the United States," or those who do so merely with "reason to believe" that such disclosures would impair or impede intelligence activities. It is the more draconian "reason to believe" version that was passed by the House last fall; the Senate is due to vote imminently.

As this disaster thus moves from pending to impending, it is important to leave the debate over lesser evils and emphasize the enormity of both evils. In the words of Philip Kurland, a respected conservative scholar at the University of Chicago Law School and a man not given to overstatement, this measure is "the clearest violation of the First Amendment attempted by Congress in this era." If Congress has the right to ban the disclosure of material it thinks is damaging to foreign intelligence activities—even material that has never been classified or has already been published—

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it can also ban the disclosure of other information it regards as dangerous. This is the old, discredited "bad tendency" test with a vengeance.

Although "slippery slope" arguments are frequently suspect, in this case there would seem to be not a slope but a precipitous drop from names-of-agents legislation to legislation outlawing reporting on covert actions, legal or illegal, and then bans on covering defense budgets, nuclear safety or any other matters an Administration would prefer to keep secret. And the courts have recently given every indication that the barrier they would provide before this precipice would be very frail indeed. In its decision on the State Department's revocation of former C.I.A. agent Philip Agee's passport, for example, the Supreme Court upheld a regulation that allows such a revocation when the Secretary of State determines that a citizen's activities abroad, including mere speech, "are causing or are likely to cause serious damage to the national security or the foreign policy of the United States" [see Stephen Gillers, "Reasoning Not the Need," *The Nation*, July 25-August 1, 1981].

In its coverage of the debate over the bill, the press has been almost as insensitive as Congress to First Amendment values, joining a well-nigh universal chorus of denunciation of *CovertAction Information Bulletin*, the journal that initiated all this furor by regularly publishing the names and positions of U.S. agents abroad. The establishment press—well, let us not mince words, *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*—has spent far too much of its precious editorial energies blaming the victims. *The Times*, for example, has criticized *CovertAction* for inviting "retribution against responsible as well as reckless critics of intelligence operations." And *The Washington Post* (in an editorial titled "Protecting Intelligence Agents") has recommended that the best way to get "the real culprits" is with the "intent" standard, and argued that anything less "may inhibit the exercise of legitimate First Amendment rights by those having no desire to cripple our intelligence services."

The Post, in short, would accept silencing not only critics like Agee, who disseminate information gathered through previously authorized access to classified documents, but also the editors of *CovertAction* and other private citizens who have not had access to and do not use classified material. *The Times*, to its credit, does not go quite that far, but its arguments seem to be largely based on its belated recognition that legislation aimed at *CovertAction* just might threaten all organs of the press, including the one on Forty-Third Street. In its concern for "news organizations" and "more precious journalism and debate," we get the impression it is acting less out of an appreciation for the First Amendment than for its own freedom to publish what it hopes will be Pulitzer-level exposés of intelligence activities abroad.

The view that the First Amendment protects only respectable criticism based on approved motives is discouraging enough coming from Congress, the White House and the courts. Coming from the press itself it is downright disgraceful.

Whose Figures?

In attempting to establish the credibility of President Ronald Reagan's January 28 certification that the government of El Salvador has met the human rights conditions of the Foreign Assistance Act, the Administration and its supporters have launched an attack on those who present contrary information about the human rights situation in that ravaged country. One part of the attack focuses on press reporting from El Salvador [see editorial, "What Massacre?" *The Nation*, February 27]. Another part of the attack focuses on the human rights organizations in El Salvador that compile information on the murders of noncombatants. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas Enders has even attempted to discredit the highly respected Legal Aid Office of the Archbishopric of San Salvador. On February 8, Enders told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "In January, Apostolic Delegate [Arturo] Rivera y Damas deprived the Legal Aid Office of any right to speak on behalf of the Archbishopric." This statement was misleading, as the Legal Aid Office has never been empowered to speak *for* the Archbishopric. Rather, it reports *to* the Archbishop, and, as Archbishop Rivera y Damas made clear to members of Congress who visited San Salvador later in February, he continues to find the information gathered by the Legal Aid Office to be reliable.

The Reagan Administration's attacks on the credibility of press reporting and the reporting by human rights organizations implies that the only figures on the murders of noncombatants that are trustworthy are those compiled by the U.S. State Department. While the Legal Aid Office and other human rights groups in San Salvador say there were more than 12,000 political murders of noncombatants during 1981, the State Department says there were about 6,000. In a sane world, of course, *only* 6,000 political murders during a year in such a tiny country would be considered sufficiently horrible to make it irrelevant for purposes of policy whether there were actually more. But in the political circumstances in which the certification is discussed in Washington, the difference between 6,000 murders and 12,000 murders matters a great deal. Six thousand would represent a decline in the violence, supporting the Administration's argument that the human rights situation in El Salvador improved in 1981.

It is against this background that we read with great interest a document that turned up the other day in our morning mail—a twenty-six-page memorandum sent to the State Department on January 15 by the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador. Its subject is "A Statistical Framework for Understanding Violence in El Salvador," and it is signed by U.S. Ambassador Deane Hinton.

The memorandum notes that the U.S. Embassy bases its figures on information culled from the Salvadoran media:

> We are fully aware of the inadequacy of a method which submits data to the vagaries of the Salvadoran press. . . . The San Salvador dailies only report deaths in areas into

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which correspondents do not fear to enter. There is extensive reporting from areas such as Santa Ana department which, precisely because it is relatively safe and well policed, permits travel, communication, and newspaper coverage. This results in a high number of dead reported during the 52-week period under study: 1,449. The same is true of San Salvador, the capital and department together, where 2,297 people were reported killed. By contrast the battleground departments of Chalatenango and Morazán have been reported at 247 and 47 dead respectively. This is certainly an underreporting of events, even considering the lower population density of those departments.

While this analysis of the figures the embassy supplies to the State Department is sufficiently devastating that if Assistant Secretary Enders had revealed it to Congress he would have completely undercut his effort to portray human rights improvement in El Salvador, there is a great deal more that can be said about the embassy's method of compiling statistics. In 1981, an ever larger area of El Salvador became unsafe. Accordingly, reporting by the San Salvador dailies was confined to an ever smaller portion of the country. Even more important, over the course of the year, the number of functioning newspapers was reduced. This is noted in the State Department's own "Country Reports on Human Rights for 1981," which says, "Two pro-FMLN-FDR papers have been harassed out of business by rightist terrorists. In one case the kidnapping, torture and murder of *La Cronica*'s news editor on July 12, 1981, led to the closing of the newspaper. Such actions have eliminated the leftist press from El Salvador."

According to the January 15 embassy memorandum to the State Department, "An unexpected result of the statistical depiction of political murders month by month is the conclusion that violence in El Salvador has diminished during the period under study." Apparently the result was unexpected because embassy personnel sensed that there was actually more violence, not less. Given the way the information was compiled, however, the result should have been a foregone conclusion. Indeed, if the State Department continues to rely on such reporting, it may soon tell us that human rights violations in El Salvador have ended entirely.

Campus Cartels

The storm of criticism that has recently been generated by the new styles of collaboration between corporations and universities in America is beginning to have its effect. Later this month, at a private conference at the posh California resort of Pajaro Dunes, representatives of five major universities (Harvard, M.I.T., Cal Tech, University of California and Stanford) and a score of their industrial brethren (from such companies as Du Pont, Eli Lilly, Gillette, Syntex, Biogen, Genentech, Cetus and Applied Biosystems) will meet to hammer out new principles to guide—and perhaps protect—future industry-university partnerships.

Serious concerns have been raised on campuses and in the press about the consequences of such affiliations. Among them: the future of academic freedom; corporate influence over the direction of university research; conflicts between the profit motive and the educational and research missions of universities; restrictions on the publication and the exchange of scientific information; and the expanding private control over publicly created resources [see *The Nation*: David Noble, "The Selling of the University," February 6].

According to the prospectus for the meeting, prepared by Stanford president Donald Kennedy's office, the emergence of profitable new technologies, especially in the biological area, has placed a "premium on early possession of valuable intellectual property." This has stimulated "corporate interest in basic research," which is leading to the "migration of entire research programs into the proprietary sector." The participants at the Pajaro Dunes conference will examine "what university policies require review in light of the large potential financial returns to faculty members made possible by their equity participation" in entrepreneurial ventures, and what kind of principles "will ultimately serve as the guides to a more codified policy."

We have serious questions about the exclusive nature of this group. Representing M.I.T., for example, will be President Paul Gray, who is also a director of the Cabot Corporation; Michael Dertouzos, a frequent consultant to high-technology corporations; Phillip Sharp, co-founder of Biogen; and the presidents of the Damon Corporation and the Cabot Corporation. The contingents from the other universities will reflect the same convergence of interests between academia and corporate industry—the new cap-and-gown cartel. Everyone else will be excluded.

At the end of January, California Rural Legal Assistance, a public interest law firm that has been protesting against conflict of interest in the University of California system, wrote to David Saxon, president of the university, requesting permission to attend the conference. "Because these issues are of such overwhelming public importance," the letter said, "we believe these discussions would benefit from differing points of view and therefore request the opportunity to participate. Indeed, the concept of academic freedom is itself predicated on openness and responding to the widest possible ideas." The C.R.L.A. request was denied. Robert Rosenzweig, the principal staff officer for the conference, explained that the meeting will be a "small private session limited to the five universities involved and their invited guests."

Although there has been vocal criticism of university-corporate collaboration at all five schools during the past year, no critics from the campuses have been invited to the conference The press, despite many requests to attend, has been barred. There will also be no participation by consumer, labor or faculty groups, or the taxpayers who paid for the research now being transformed into industrial products.

The matter being discussed at Pajaro Dunes—essentially who will control vast public resources—is of great public importance and ought not be left to the privileged few, with a narrow range of special interests, meeting in their private preserve. The Pajaro Dunes conference may be a private affair but the questions being considered there are not.

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DISPATCHES.

■ THE PHILIPPINES: Marcos's F.B.I. Pipeline

On December 17, the Federal Bureau of Investigation raided the San Francisco home of Steve Psinakis, an outspoken opponent of Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos's regime, and confiscated his correspondence files and personal papers. Eventually, underground sources in the Philippines told Psinakis recently, these documents found their way to Marcos's desk. "No less than twenty people connected to the papers taken from my home have been picked up in the Philippines in the past few weeks," Psinakis told Dispatches. "Most of them have been tortured, and two have disappeared. The papers were in no way incriminating, but just being mentioned in them was enough to bring about immediate arrest."

Psinakis, a Greek-American businessman whose wife is a member of a prominent Filipino family, is one of forty people under indictment in the Philippines in connection with a 1980 bombing campaign in Manila [see Dispatches, *The Nation*, December 20, 1980, and March 7, 1981]. He is currently the principal target of a San Francisco Federal grand jury that is investigating the role of U.S.-based Filipino dissidents in the bombings. According to a report by Gil Reza in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of February 27, information from the grand jury probe is routinely being funneled by Justice Department officials to Gen. Fabian Ver, Marcos's chief of staff and former head of military intelligence. Reza also has reported that the government has decided to focus the grand jury investigation on Psinakis rather than on exiled former Philippine Senators Benigno Aquino and Raul Manglapus, who were among the forty indicted dissidents. According to a source close to the investigation quoted by Reza, Federal prosecutors don't want to involve Aquino and Manglapus because "these guys will probably become the country's leaders when Marcos dies or is killed. Political judgments had to be made. We're dealing with the future leaders of the Philippines."

The grand jury investigation and a U.S.-Philippine extradition treaty signed in November seem to be part of an effort by the Reagan Administration to squelch Marcos's opponents in exile. Last June, Philippine newspapers reported that during a visit to Manila, Secretary of State Alexander Haig had promised Marcos that the Administration would help "fight terrorism" by vigorously prosecuting U.S.-based Filipino activists charged with the 1980 bombings.

■ BRAZIL: "Lula"

Depending on the outcome of an appeal soon to be heard in Brazil's highest military court, Luís Inácio da Silva, who is known in Brazil simply as "Lula," could either find himself running for governor of the state of São Paulo this year or serving a prison sentence for leading an illegal strike.

The forty-one-day strike of 200,000 metalworkers in 1980 was the longest and most contentious in sixteen years of military rule in Brazil. Its chief spokesman was Lula, then president of one of the large metalworker locals of the industrial belt that surrounds São Paulo. With strong backing from the Roman Catholic Church, the metalworkers sought wage increases, a forty-hour work week and such basic labor rights as shop-floor union representation.

"We won none of our demands," Lula told us in an interview in San Francisco last month, "but we won something very important: the political education of Brazil's workers."

Convicted of leading the strike and thus banned by law from holding union office, Lula is president of the Workers' Party, which he helped found in 1980. "We have learned that the question of union freedom is a political issue," he said. "It is useless to have highly combative unions if political decisions are made by owners of industry. The Workers' Party has been in existence only two and one half years; already we have 400,000 members. We will run in the municipal, state and congressional elections scheduled for November 15. It will be the first time in our history that Brazilian workers can vote for other Brazilian workers."

But they may not be able to vote for Lula. Even if he wins his strike-conviction appeal, he still faces a charge of inciting "class violence" in another labor conflict. If he is found guilty, he could be sentenced to a maximum of thirty years in prison.

Brazil's military-dominated government now regards Lula and his party as a major threat to its powers. In addition to its labor backing, the Workers' Party has the support of many—some say the majority—of the Roman Catholic Church's 100,000 Comunidades de Base, the neighborhood organizations of the poor. Partly because of his close ties with the Church, Lula has often been likened to Lech Walesa. The two men met in the Vatican last spring and kept in close touch until the December crackdown in Poland.

When Lula was in the United States last month seeking support from Congressional and trade union leaders, he was repeatedly asked to comment on the situation in Poland. "Our own support for the workers of Poland should not be confused with certain anticommunist campaigns by those interested in maintaining a society divided into classes," he told us. "We cannot stand the hypocrisy of supporting a labor movement that fights for its rights in Poland while opposing labor unions in the rest of the world which also fight for workers' rights."

■ FRANCE: Thirty-Nine-Hour Week

In an ordinance that took effect on February 1, the French government gave workers a thirty-nine-hour workweek and a fifth week of paid vacation. The new law provides only a general framework, leaving it to employers and unions to negotiate the details. This will be no easy matter, given the complexity of the issues involved. The ordinance is the first step in the transition to a thirty-five-hour workweek, which is intended to create thousands of new jobs.

The new ordinance touched off labor unrest, as workers opposed any cuts in wages or benefits and employers demanded concessions. In hundreds of factories and offices last month, a range of issues that had been settled in

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ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH AND STEPHEN TALBOT

previous negotiations were again put on the table. Factories were occupied; slowdowns and strikes spread throughout the country.

President François Mitterrand, echoing the arguments of the Communist-led General Confederation of Labor, had insisted that no wage cuts should be imposed at this stage in the transition, but employers disagreed. And—surprisingly—so did Edmond Maire, secretary general of the Socialist-dominated French Democratic Confederation of Labor. "Our society has become sick because of unemployment," Maire said. "The President is giving priority to salaries over the creation of jobs. It's a serious error."

Late last month unions representing more than half of the 2.5 million workers in France's metallurgical industry signed a contract that could set a pattern for other such agreements. Under the accord, the workweek will be reduced by one hour starting March 1, with no loss of wages. On January 1, 1983, there will be a second reduction of one-half hour; workers will be paid 70 percent of their hourly wage for that one-half hour of work. By 1984, a fifth work shift will be added in some sectors of the industry, and the workweek will then drop to about thirty-three and one-half hours, permitting the creation of 6,500 jobs. The breakthrough in the metallurgical industry shows that the objective of the reduced week can be embodied in a contract. But it also shows how difficult and complicated it is to do so.

■ ZIMBABWE: Mugabe's High-Wire Act

"If anyone takes out Bob Mugabe, this country'll be a horse's arse," a white Zimbabwean businessman recently told a visiting British reporter. Not every white businessman would agree; many yearn for the "good old days" of Ian Smith, who is now an aging but implacable opposition leader. Most, however, would grudgingly admit that Prime Minister Mugabe's policies of economic pragmatism and racial reconciliation have been good for business.

Mugabe's political and economic balancing act—between blacks and whites, socialism and capitalism, conflict and cooperation with South Africa—is becoming increasingly difficult for the former guerrilla leader to sustain. In recent months, Mugabe's hair has turned noticeably gray. He has had to suppress the hotheads in his own party, try to maintain a brittle and now shattered coalition with Joshua Nkomo and cope with the hostility of his overwhelmingly powerful neighbor, South Africa.

Currently Mugabe faces three difficult economic decisions that will make his high-wire act even more difficult to maintain. The first involves the highly sensitive issue of land reform, on which the black majority is demanding that the government take bolder action. Under white rule, some 5,000 whites owned 39 million acres (including much of the country's most fertile land), while 4 million black farmers and their families were crowded onto the remaining 41 million acres. Since the country became independent in April 1980, land redistribution has been painfully slow; only about 6,000 blacks have been resettled on new cooperative farms. Under pressure from a growing black squatter movement, Mugabe has decided to accelerate the land redistribution program with a goal of resettling 165,000 blacks in the next three years, but this will almost certainly mean a serious confrontation with the white Commercial Farmers Union.

Despite intense opposition from the multinational corporations that control Zimbabwe's mining industries—Lonrho, Anglo-American, Union Carbide—Mugabe is also moving to establish a state-owned corporation to market the country's mineral exports, including gold, asbestos, chrome and nickel. At least one mining company has threatened to leave as a result, but Mugabe seems determined to try to gain greater control over Zimbabwe's mineral wealth.

At the same time, the Prime Minister has been forced by economic necessity to negotiate a renewal of the preferential trade agreement with South Africa, due to expire March 31. Alternate outlets for Zimbabwe's goods via Mozambique have been sabotaged by South African-sponsored rebels. Tensions between Pretoria and Salisbury have never been higher, but if the trade agreement is not renewed, Zimbabwe's exports would be choked off. These harsh dilemmas are certain to add more gray to Mugabe's hair.

■ BRITAIN: "Exile in Babylon"

In the aftermath of the youth riots that rocked British cities last summer, the Conservative government is unwilling or unable to deal with the root causes of social discontent: severe unemployment, institutionalized racism and police harassment and brutality. But the Tories are considering modifications in police and penal regulations in an effort to defuse some of the explosive anger of Britain's underclass.

The government recently told prison authorities to go easy on the long-haired, marijuana-smoking Rastafarians, members of the religious movement that originated in Jamaica and has become tremendously popular among Britain's young Afro-Caribbeans. The Home Office has instructed prison officials to exempt Rastafarians, who wear their hair in "dreadlocks," from haircut regulations. In the next few months, according to *The Sunday Times* of London, prison governors will be issued a new set of rules allowing Rastafarian inmates "certain dispensations about visits, books, diet, dress and time for prayer." The revised code will treat Rastafarians as a religious sect rather than as a political group. But Rastafarians in prison, no matter how devout, will still have to forego their sacrament, marijuana.

Young, black, often unemployed and, by British standards, highly unconventional, Rastafarians have suffered more than their share of arrests and police brutality. They are frequent victims of the vagrancy, or "Sus," laws, which allow the police to arrest a person "on suspicion of loitering with intent to commit an arrestable offense." Their devotion to marijuana and their reggae lyrics calling for social justice and decrying their "oppression" and "exile in Babylon" have not endeared them to the British establishment.

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ARTICLES.

THE PODHORETZ PROJECT

How—and How Not—To 'Press the American Case'

WILLIAM ATTWOOD

Last December, I read an item in *The New York Times* announcing that Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, had been chosen to head a "broadly mandated advisory committee" whose aim, Podhoretz told *The Times*, would be to "press the American case more effectively and with greater relevance abroad." The appointer was Charles Wick, director of the U.S. International Communication Agency, and Podhoretz explained that "this is all part of a general effort now for the United States to be more active in the war of ideas." The war of ideas! How he must have rummaged around in his files to locate that old bugle call of the 1940s! But no matter; Podhoretz's associates on the committee—Michael Novak, Bayard Rustin and Edwin Feulner Jr., president of the Heritage Foundation—make up an ideologically compatible and ethnically balanced panel that will surely find a way to make those words sing again. And never mind that none of them are veterans of any memorable campaigns, war-of-ideas-wise, and that none have spent much time out in the global boondocks where America's grass-roots constituents are; for only innocents and amateurs could approach such a foolish assignment with any gusto.

Why foolish? Because if the American case is any good, it does not need to be pressed—indeed pressing too hard can badly bruise a good case, which, like a plain fact, speaks for itself. Fool around with facts and you wind up with something that smells like propaganda. So the whole exercise becomes, in bureaucratic parlance, counterproductive.

In fact, the American case is not something you should even talk about, let alone press. It's like prestige, that buzzword of the 1960 Presidential campaign. You can't go out and acquire prestige or press your case with policies unlikely to win the respect and trust of others. The American case will be made and will be supported by our friends and would-be friends to the extent that we act, as a nation, in accordance with both our traditional and professed ideals. Often, we do; sometimes, to our subsequent regret, we don't.

At the moment, most people are still willing to give Ronald Reagan a chance to prove himself, but as Thomas Hughes, president of the Carnegie Endowment, wrote recently, "It is the perceived nature of the Reagan revolution—radical, cumulative and wholesale—which promotes allied anxiety. Fundamentals which have long underlain Western confidence in American policy suddenly have become subject to extremes of emphasis and extremes of de-emphasis: defense without détente; arms without arms control; stretch-outs leading to abandonment of international economic commitments with little apparent sympathy for the human consequences; a palpable militarization of attitude approaching doomsday chic with little apparent interest in America's traditional liberal values, or awareness of their universal appeal."

No further mention of the Podhoretz committee has surfaced, to my knowledge, since the initial announcement, so there is still hope that it will turn out to be one of those short-lived entities that generate Washington press releases and then are heard from no more. But I suspect that Podhoretz sees himself as an activist and that the prospect of pressing the American case, especially "with greater relevance," will stir up his neoconservative juices, the more so since, like his fellow committeemen, his experience in foreign affairs has been largely academic and, well, rear echelon. And so, secure enough in my own credentials and wishing only to help expedite the committee's work, I offer these suggestions for its consideration from a slightly different ideological but no less patriotic perspective:

§ Our exaggerated preoccupation with Soviet power, cunning and aggressiveness is damaging our credibility with those who know the U.S.S.R. as it is—a sclerotic, bureaucratic oligarchy in disarray and even retreat. It is simply not true, as many Reaganites contend, that most of the unrest in an understandably revolutionary world is fostered and sustained by diabolically clever Soviet agents stirring up the natives. The revolution of rising expectations that surged up thirty years ago with the decline of colonialism and the spread of literacy and mass communications ended for all time the passivity of the poor, the hungry and the exploited.

Many Americans with mud on their boots, so to speak, know this, as do most of our European friends and the billions who inhabit the Third World. So if Podhoretz tries to press, aggressively, an American case based primarily on countering Soviet might and Soviet aggression, he will convince nobody and only reinforce the already widespread impression that the American giant is not very bright.

§ Too many of our newly prominent public officials talk too often and too much. El Salvador was first touted as the main confrontational event a year ago; then it was moved to the back burner. But now that our clients are in trouble, it's heating up again, with intimations of Vietnam. We threaten Cuba every so often, always a politically safe target, which only helps Fidel Castro continue to play his favorite role, as David to our Goliath. We permit the training of right-wing Nicaraguans on our soil, as we did Cubans in 1960 in

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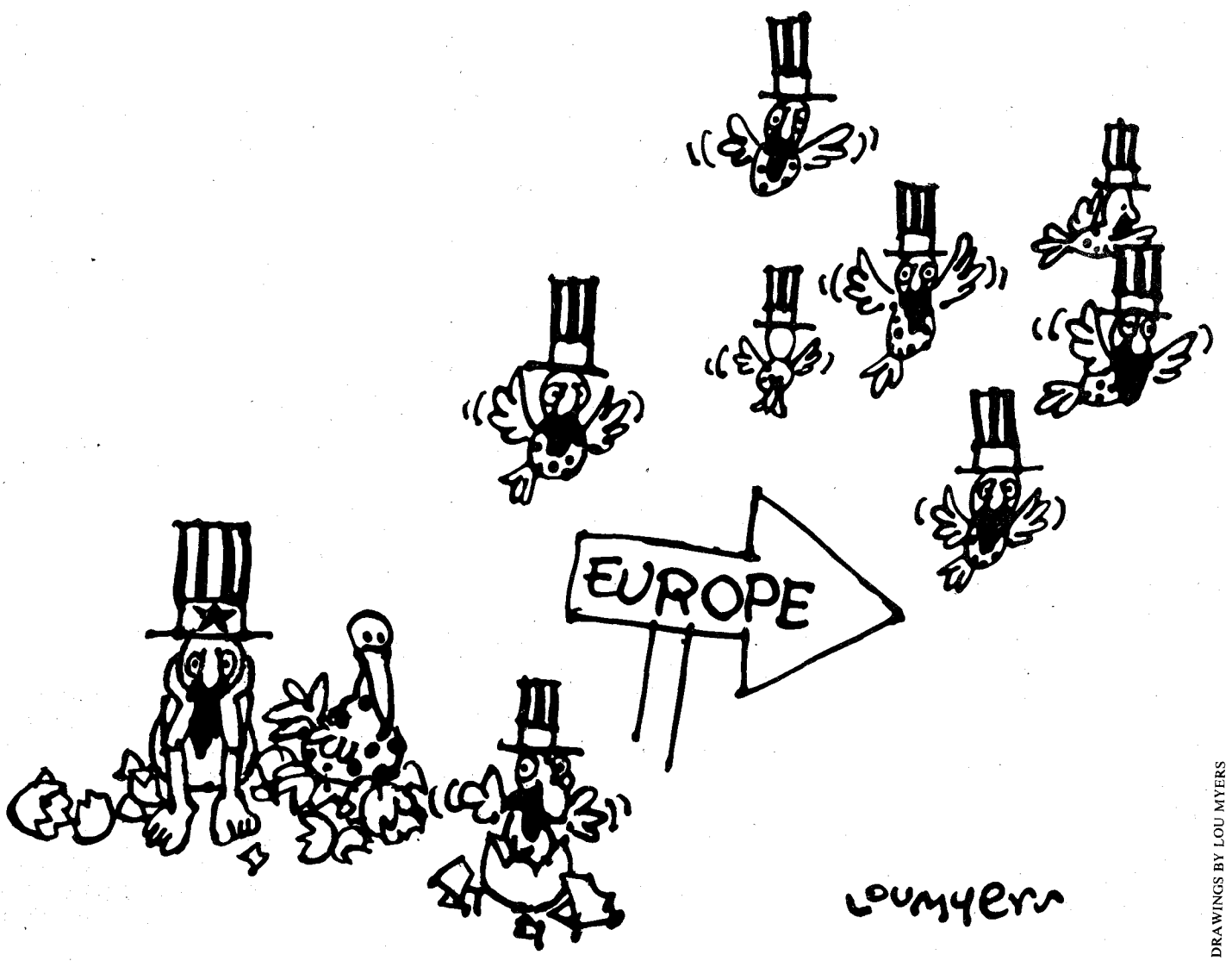
preparation for the Bay of Pigs invasion. And Administration spokesmen routinely equate superior weaponry with strength in a world where the superpowers are too muscle-bound or inhibited to impose their will on all the feisty little brown people of this globe.

In short, avoiding, as much as possible, talk about either our failures or our successes is good practice, whatever our policy. When President Reagan stated publicly in December that the antinuclear demonstrations in Western Europe were all sponsored by an organization "bought and paid for by the Soviet Union," he merely sounded uninformed, and called to mind the Turkish proverb that a man is a prisoner of what he says and the master of what he does not say.

§ Talking less means listening more. The Podhoretz team might usefully recommend that the United States consider the views of others when it finds itself totally isolated in world forums on issues like the Law of the Sea treaty, biological warfare weapons or the export of potentially dangerous infant formulas to poor countries. To do so would make our moralizing on such issues as the repression of dissidence in Russia more effective. And why not pay some attention to what two successive U.N. Secretary Generals—Kurt Waldheim and Javier Pérez de Cuellar—have recently urged: that given the deterioration of U.S.-Soviet relations the United States must, for the sake of "the entire world community," negotiate serious and practical limitations on nuclear arms.

§ Our spokesmen should be taught to count to ten or even twenty before making public statements. That would be a nice point for the committee to bring up, though not likely to please Secretary of State Alexander Haig. It was he who was reported last December to have exploded in anger at a British journalist who suggested there was a double standard in criticizing the crackdown in Poland but not those in Turkey and other pro-Western nations. The journalist happened to be right. In criticizing tyranny, we can't be selective without appearing hypocritical and thereby damaging the U.S. case on human rights, which the Podhoretz panel is presumably eager to advance.

§ The Voice of America must be preserved as a straight news service. Since I.C.A. director Wick, who appointed the advisory committee, has the Voice of America under his wing, Podhoretz and his colleagues have a unique opportunity to speak up for its integrity against those Reaganites who would make it a propaganda bullhorn. I remember sitting with the President of radical, nonaligned Guinea one evening in 1967 when he interrupted our conversation to switch on the V.O.A. French language news broadcast.



DRAWINGS BY LOU MYERS

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"This is when I find out what is really happening in Africa," he said, sounding like a commercial for the network. But alas, there's no great likelihood that Podhoretz et al., being Reaganites themselves, will defend V.O.A.'s hard-won but still fragile reputation any more than they will oppose the projected $10 million boondoggle called Radio Martí, which would beam propaganda into Cuba despite the objections of our diplomatic mission in Havana and the fact that Cubans already have access to U.S. news programs from Florida on their own radios.

§ In Africa, the American case depends on our avoiding getting trapped into seeming to support a handful of sure-to-lose white supremacists against a continent of diverse black and brown people whose one unifying cause is opposition to the racial policies of South Africa's beleaguered minority rulers. This means leaving the dirty tricks and the intrigue to the Russians, since the record shows that in Africa these generally boomerang against their practitioners. Podhoretz and Co. probably don't like the Clark amendment prohibiting covert action by the C.I.A. in Angola, but it's been upheld by Congress and will keep us from getting mired in a no-win tribal conflict in that country, where nobody seems to like our guerrilla, Jonas Savimbi, except the South Africans. A few modest, carefully targeted, practical and apolitical aid programs in agriculture, birth control and manpower training would help our case in Africa, too, more than any rhetoric; but this may be too much to hope for given the current preoccupation with weapons and naval bases.

§ Our educational and cultural exchange programs should be spared the budgetary ax. As a former Fulbright scholar, Podhoretz should be concerned about this, as well as about the various foreign leadership grants slated for extinction. For all of our faults, we Americans are still the best advertisement for ourselves, and the more people can come and observe our open society, the easier it is to press our case abroad, never mind aggressively. In several Third World countries, including Kenya, where I served as Ambassador in the 1960s, one third to one half of the Cabinet ministers had studied in the United States and felt a special affinity for us, warts and all. But the word is out that the grants will be slashed, maybe to help pay for Radio Martí, and visas have recently been denied to people we don't agree with, as they were in the days of Joe McCarthy. Surely the presence of a few such individuals in our midst won't shake the foundations of the Republic, though their exclusion does reinforce the anti-Americanism of those so singled out. So that's something else for the broadly mandated advisory committee to look into.

The announcement about the committee pressing the American case also used the phrase "with greater relevance." Fine, but relevant to what? To the life-or-death issues of our time? To runaway population growth? To endemic poverty and hunger? To the chemical pollution of our planet and the depletion of its resources? To peace? There isn't much in the pronouncements of this Administration so far to suggest that these are high-priority considerations. Our policies seem rather to be improvised in response to popular myths and delusions—such as "Americans are getting sick and tired of being pushed around." Although we've done our share of pushing over the years in various parts of the world from the Philippines to Latin America, it's hard to recall when we've been pushed around by anybody since the British Navy harassed our merchant ships back in the early 1800s. Yet the myth persists that, like Rodney Dangerfield, Uncle Sam gets no respect; and so policies seem now to be designed for maximum macho effect, and never mind the reactions of friends or foes. Surely the Podhoretz committee could, if it wished, help dispel some of the illusions that keep casting us erroneously in a loser's role—outflanked, outfoxed, outgunned and unloved.

But the neoconservatives (whatever the appellation means) who make up the committee are more likely to come up with recommendations in tune with the prevailing Washington image of that wider, restless world beyond our shores—of which most of the key Reaganites are blithely ignorant. For those of us who have some familiarity with this world and care about America's role in it, the outlook is disheartening. At worst, we face the possibility of a lunatic nuclear conflict; at best, we can foresee the United States becoming as irrelevant to shaping the history of our time as was the Holy Roman Empire long ago. Why? To quote Thomas Hughes again: "A trillion dollar defense budget to compete with the Russians, plus outlays for arms for selected dictators, and advice to everybody else to rely on free enterprise, supply-side economics and hard work, does not strike America's allies as a sufficient world policy for the 1980s. They see it as more likely to alienate almost everybody in the world worth influencing."

So Podhoretz and his committee have an unenviable task. If the United States is "to be more active in the war of ideas" in the 1980s, some ideas that transcend the slogans of the thirty-year cold war will have to be found and developed. But there is not a shred of evidence to date that anyone in Washington is even out looking for them. □

AS *THE WORLD* TURNS

Newspapers for The Privileged

MICHAEL MASSING

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* is dead after 134 years; *The Daily News* in New York City is *in extremis* after sixty-two. The folding of the former and the announcement that the latter is for sale came only weeks apart, and set off a by-now familiar chorus of laments over the cruel fate facing all our great metropolitan dailies. As happened when the Chicago *Daily News* and *The Washington Star* ceased publication, *The Bulletin* and *The*

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Daily News have been praised as old friends whose mortality once seemed unthinkable.

Beyond expressions of bereavement, the tribulations of the two papers have aroused concern about a more abstract matter—the vitality of the First Amendment. Philadelphia is now in effect a one-newspaper town (*The Inquirer* and *The Philadelphia Daily News* are jointly owned); New York City would be the same, for all serious newspaper readers, if *The Daily News* went the way of *The Bulletin*. Columnists, constitutional lawyers and free-speech advocates have yet another opportunity to bewail the growing irrelevance of the "marketplace of ideas" notion that underlies the First Amendment. A. J. Liebling's once-radical aphorism—that freedom of the press exists only for those who own one—has become common wisdom.

But the Darwinian struggle among newspapers has had another, more subtle, effect, which, though less publicized, has been changing the role of newspaper journalism in America. The change has been barely perceptible to most readers, but in its cumulative impact it has altered the kinds of stories editors assign, reporters write and the public reads. What has happened is that many big-city papers have abandoned their cities. In their own flawed way, metropolitan papers like *The Daily News* have traditionally provided indispensable information about urban life as lived, and suffered, by common people. They have given voice to minorities and the poor, who might otherwise have remained mute. That crucial function, however, is disappearing as our major papers teeter, wheeze and struggle to survive.

The gradual abandonment of an urban focus is rooted in the transformation of newspaper readership that has occurred over the last twenty years. Many of the traditional readers of big-city papers like *The Daily News*—blue-collar workers, often with immigrant roots—have moved to the suburbs, where they tend to be less interested in the problems of the city and more interested in the day-to-day affairs of their own communities—city council meetings, school events, football games. They get the information they need in suburban newspapers, which constitute one of the fastest growing sectors of the industry. Many cities are now ringed by aggressive dailies and weeklies.

Thus surrounded, how have metropolitan papers reacted? *The Daily News* is a good case in point. Many former readers have shifted their loyalty to Gannett's papers in Westchester County, to *The Record* and *The Newark Star-Ledger* in New Jersey or to Long Island's *Newsday*, with its thorough coverage of the borough of Queens. A large number of these suburbanites work in Manhattan, though, and to woo them back (and the advertising dollars they represent), *The Daily News* in 1980 started a trendy "Tonight" edition. However, because it was also hoping to attract an "upscale" Manhattan audience and so filled its pages with articles on how to get picked up at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and where to find the best *empañadas* in town, "Tonight" failed in any serious way to interest most of those in the suburban ring. It died a quick death—though not without costing its owner, the Tribune Company of Chicago, some $18 million, helping to force the recent decision to sell the paper. If *The Daily News* does indeed survive, it will probably have to rethink its image and devote more effort to suburban coverage—*real* suburban coverage.

Papers in other cities are moving in the same direction. For instance, *The Hartford Courant*, owned by the Times Mirror Company since 1979, has gone after readers in affluent suburbs with more feature and trend articles. Reporters are now sent far afield to file from Washington on Reaganomics and from Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's business enterprises there. As a consequence, the paper's coverage of Hartford has been cut back. This change has upset many local activists, some of whom have marched periodically on *The Courant*'s offices to protest the news policies of what they call the "un-Hartford *Courant*."

The impact of market forces on news coverage has been particularly apparent at the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Under the direction of three generations of the Pulitzer family, the venerable *Post-Dispatch* earned a reputation as a battler for the common good. Its "platform," which has appeared on the editorial page every day for seven decades, pledges that the paper will "always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers," "never lack sympathy with the poor" and "always remain devoted to the public welfare." The paper's adherence to that creed shone forth in the projects it undertook, from investigating the causes of a local race riot or a nearby coal mine disaster to campaigning for municipal improvements and exposing corporate corruption.

When its readers began moving to the suburbs, the *Post-Dispatch* at first made no effort to reach them. In the 1970s, suburban papers sprang up to serve this new readership, and by the time the *Post-Dispatch* realized the significance of these papers, they had become entrenched. There are now thirty-six of them in the St. Louis area, and they have cut into the metropolitan paper's circulation and advertising. In a belated effort to regain some of the readers it lost, the *Post-Dispatch* has shifted about twenty reporters from the city to the suburbs and has started the first of what it hopes will be several county sections. Now, as the paper features more stories designed to attract suburban readers, the severe problems of the city of St. Louis are being increasingly neglected.

It would be foolish to deny that the *Post-Dispatch* and other urban dailies must serve surburbia, which, after all, is where a lot of the readers are. But as they work to capture an affluent audience, big-city papers threaten to leave behind some important constituencies in their own backyards—blacks, Hispanics, the poor and disenfranchised. Even if they have not always been regular readers, they have been championed, to some extent, by urban papers, which focused public attention on slumlords and police brutality, on malnourished children and the despair of ghetto youths. It is as much in goading the collective urban conscience as in

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adding to the number of voices in the "marketplace" that metropolitan papers have truly served democracy in this country. But suburban readers are not generally eager to be reminded of the blight they worked so hard to flee, and editors and publishers have sought to indulge them in that preference.

In 1968, the Kerner Commission report on civil disorders stated that "news organizations have failed to communicate to both their black and white audiences a sense of the problems America faces and the sources of potential solutions." That is a polite way of saying that the press has reneged on its duty to support the underdog. Fourteen years later, metropolitan papers, in an effort to survive, have further cast their lot with the privileged and powerful. □

CABLE TV AND PUBLIC ACCESS

Whose Right Is Righter?

THOMAS J. McGREW

Like the railroad barons of a century ago, the cable TV representatives spreading across the country today are promising all manner of marvels to all types of communities. In return for an exclusive franchise to broadcast, the cable moguls say, viewers can have eighty television channels. A hundred! Two hundred! Live telecasts of the House of Representatives, the city council, the school board. Twenty-four-hour news! Spicy movies! A line from the cable to your stereo enables you to bring major orchestras into your living room. A line to your home computer gets you access to everything from the Library of Congress data bank to the Dow Jones stock tape to a gaggle of games. Still another line ties your smoke detector to the local fire station.

Unlike five- or ten-channel community antennae, which bring in a handful of distant stations, these high-tech systems originate some programming of their own, and they seem certain to blanket America within the next ten years or so. Like the arrival of the railroads, their coming will generate legal problems. Since cable is a medium of communications, the most important of these problems will involve freedom of speech.

The most fundamental First Amendment issue involves access—who gets on the air. Some communities now require that cable companies, as a condition of the franchise, make a number of their channels available to any individuals, groups or independent programmers that wish to use them. These "public access" channels are supposed to be operated on a nondiscriminatory basis and immune to censorship by the cable company. Sometime in the next decade, the Supreme Court will most likely decide whether the First Amendment forbids or requires public access to cable television.

That case, when it comes, will involve a direct conflict between two perfectly respectable First Amendment claims: that of members of the public who want access to an important communications medium, and that of the cable companies which do not wish to broadcast views opposed to their own. In time, one of these two claims will be recognized as a First Amendment "right." The early betting would favor the cable companies to win the case, since the claims of private property have fared a good deal better in the Supreme Court over the last decade than the claims of public access.

Private property rights prevailed in two important Court decisions during the 1970s. In 1974, the Court held unconstitutional a Florida law requiring newspapers that attack political candidates to print their rebuttals, reasoning that the government had no more business telling *The Miami Herald* what it must print than it had telling it what it may not print. That principle was extended considerably by a 1977 ruling involving New Hampshire's state motto: "Live Free or Die." Some New Hampshirites objected to having the words emblazoned on their license plates and sued. The Supreme Court agreed with them, holding that for New Hampshire to require people to "use their private property as a 'mobile billboard' for the State's ideological message" violated the First Amendment.

During the same decade, arguments favoring public access to the electronic media lost twice before the Court. First, in a case involving the Democratic National Committee, the Court upheld a Federal Communications Commission ruling that radio and television stations don't have to sell time for political advocacy advertisements. Then, in *F.C.C. v. Midwest Video Corp.*, the Court voided regulations requiring public access to cable systems. Ducking the issue, it ruled that whether or not the First Amendment requires that cable operators grant public access, the F.C.C. cannot compel them to do so.

The United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit was not so reluctant to give its views on the rights of the cable companies. In the *Midwest Video* case, the court ruled squarely for the cable companies:

> The First Amendment rights of cable operators rise from the Constitution. The public's "right" to "get on television" stems from the Commission's desire to create the "right."

So the odds are that the cable companies will win—but whether they should win is another matter.

Just how private *is* a cable system's property? Almost all cable companies operate under a franchise that is granted by some government entity. That is certainly not the only way cable systems could be set up—the situation would be very different if, for example, there were a variety of competing systems—but it is the way it is done in most places. Cable systems are different from newspapers—and even from radio and TV stations—precisely in that most cable systems operate in a given community because a governmental body has granted the owner an exclusive franchise. The cable company generally gets monopoly rights from the local

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government, and if another company tries to install a competing cable, that same local government will use its police powers to enforce the monopoly. The cable company has total or near-total control over what appears on its channels, and it did not get that control through inventiveness, superior showmanship or competition in the free market—it got it from a friendly local government.

The First Amendment was intended to prevent governments from interfering with the communication of ideas. It would certainly be a First Amendment violation if a state, county or city government created a television censorship board and empowered it to dictate what could—and what could not—be shown. And it wouldn't be any more constitutional if the censors served without pay, as did members of the movie censorship boards of the 1950s, or even if the censors paid the government for the privilege of censoring.

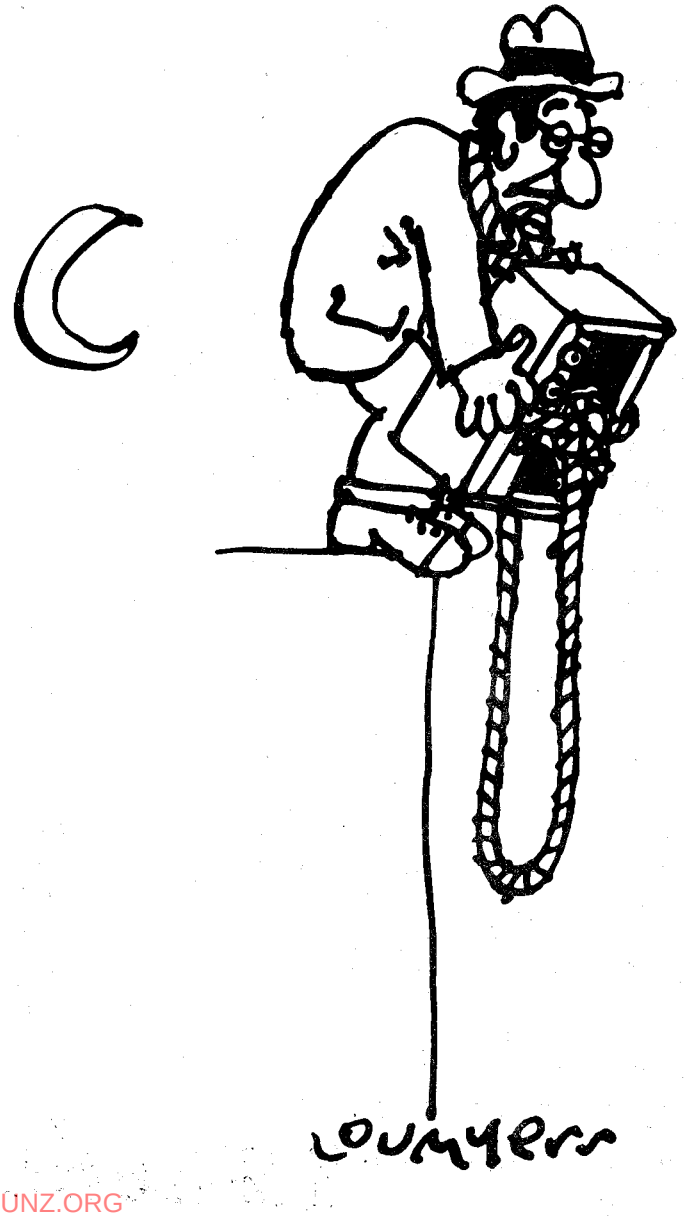
Granting and enforcing a cable TV monopoly isn't really any different from creating a television censorship commission. It does not matter that most cable companies offer a wide variety of programs; the old book and movie censors let a lot through, too. And it does not matter that the fare on the public access channels will almost certainly be of lower quality than that provided by the cable companies. The First Amendment does not guarantee that speech will be of high quality, only that it will be free. What matters is that the government has a constitutional obligation not to interfere with the right to communicate, and it cannot do that unless it makes public access a condition for granting exclusive cable rights.

This means that it is necessary to impinge on the cable company's right to broadcast whatever it chooses. In the end, the company must be made a common carrier, at least on some of its channels, because the only alternative—to install it as a censor—is constitutionally intolerable.

Although multichannel cable TV systems and satellite technology have created some new First Amendment problems, they also provide the means to solve others. For years, the courts cited the scarcity of radio and television frequencies as a justification for government censorship of broadcasting. Since the electromagnetic spectrum contains a limited number of operating frequencies, the theory went, it is reasonable to subject the license holder's broadcasts to regular governmental review in order to insure that the content meets standards of community responsibility—a procedure that would clearly be unconstitutional if applied to the print media. That this theory has currency at a time when the number of newspapers is diminishing and broadcast stations are proliferating is a tribute to the ability of legal reasoning to ignore the facts, but with the advent of multichannel systems even the most agile legal mind would find it difficult to explain why a city's fifty TV channels deserve less First Amendment protection than its one newspaper.

Recently, however, the Supreme Court found a reason for limiting broadcasters' freedom of speech other than the scarcity theory. In 1978, the Court upheld the F.C.C.'s decision to impose administrative sanctions on the Pacifica Foundation for broadcasting George Carlin's recorded monologue "Seven Dirty Words" on one of its listener-supported radio stations. The Court admitted that what Carlin had to say was "speech" as the First Amendment defines that term and held that the Constitution would have protected the monologue in a nightclub or in a public forum or on a record—almost anywhere but over the airwaves. The difference, the Court said, was that the broadcast media are uniquely pervasive in American society and uniquely accessible to children.

This argument has certain weaknesses. Apart from the irony of the Court denying freedom of speech to radio and television for forty years on grounds of scarcity and then denying it on grounds of ubiquity, it is not at all obvious that a family's tape and record collections are any less accessible to children than its TV and radio sets. It is true that parents have more control over the selections in the family tape collection than they do over the broadcasts the family TV set can pick up, but in most communities where multichannel cable TV is a reality, the sale of locks that make it impossible for the children to tune in *Debbie Does Dallas* on the blue channels has become a booming business.



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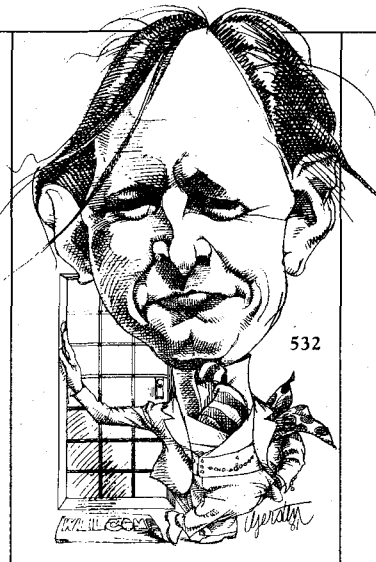

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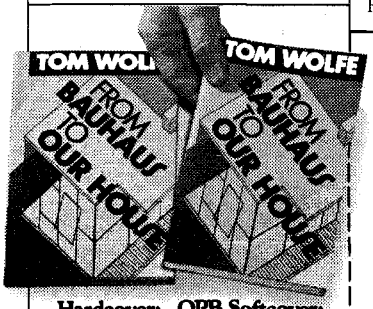

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We are, in short, at a point at which it is no longer tenable to apply a stunted version of the First Amendment to the broadcast media. But an era of permissiveness is not at hand. Throughout our history, the state of freedom of speech has rarely had much to do with the state of First Amendment theory. A wave of demands for censorship is rather more likely.

Consider what you are *really* likely to get over those cable systems. In a burst of naïveté unusual even in official reports, the F.C.C. wrote in 1970:

> In a rapidly changing social climate, communication of ideas is vital. . . . It might be that the 51st [channel] would become the communication channel for a solution to a severe local crisis.

In the real world, what you get on that fifty-first channel is almost always "Ugly George," the gentleman who roams Manhattan asking women to disrobe for his video camera and then broadcasts the results over the city's cable system. While there is no reason to censor his show, there is no social crisis in midtown Manhattan, severe or otherwise, to which Ugly George is the solution. Rather, the existence of such characters illustrates the probability that as more channels of communication become available, more people will be offended. This creates a problem that the United States has often had in living up to its Bill of Rights: Whenever anyone tries to say or write or show something unpopular, cries for censorship are heard.

Most New Yorkers chuckle tolerantly when the fifty-first channel decides to broadcast Ugly George. One wonders, though, whether they would remain tolerant if other channels were to feature the Nazi Hour, the Klan on the March, kiddie porn, a real Black Mass, the names and addresses of members of unpopular political parties in New York, the complete list of undercover law enforcement agents working in high-crime areas, documentary evidence of illegal drug use in co-op apartments and the like.

Regardless of how the Supreme Court resolves the access issue, if there are 100 channels in need of programming, some of the programs will be offensive trash. If the cable companies win the access cases, they will simply run better-paying trash. Indeed, Ugly George pays to do his thing over the air, and groups like the Klan could probably afford it, too. Some truly offensive programming would undoubtedly make money, so a lot of it would be broadcast or, at least, would be available for broadcast. If the material was on videotapes or video disks and it entered the home via shopping bags, most would-be censors would merely deplore the fact that such things are sold. But it enters the home via a system licensed or franchised by the government, and the government can revoke any license it grants.

The way the government gets involved is shown by the "Seven Dirty Words" case, which began when an irate citizen wrote the F.C.C. that he had heard the offending broadcast over his car radio. While he could understand the "record's being sold for private use," he wrote, "I cannot understand the broadcast of same over the air that, supposedly, you control." Now this man is not likely to take action on his own—by picketing stores that sell dirty records, for example. That is hard work in bad weather, and people will think you are eccentric. It is easier to write to a politician that you—and all other right-minded folks—will hold him responsible for condoning this offensive material unless he takes action to stop it.

There will, of course, be differences of style. The lowbrow will simply demand that the bad programming be taken off the air. The more sophisticated will explain that while censorship is abhorrent to them, a company's sense of social responsibility should be taken into account at franchise renewal time. Either way, the message will be sent, and it will be received.

Since it is possible, through the magic of fiberoptics, to simultaneously broadcast programs offensive to the left, the right and the center, the cry to censor the broadcaster will come from all sides. Faced with that, the broadcaster will either cater to whichever group is ascendant at the moment or he will stick to inoffensive, plain vanilla programming. In either event, freedom of electronic speech is at risk.

We often refer to the First Amendment's provision for free speech and press as a "guarantee." It is not. It is at most a challenge. □

CANADA'S NEW CONSTITUTION

The Struggle for Human Rights

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Canada is freer than most countries, but even here human rights are sometimes an endangered species. Yet the new Constitution that the Senate approved on December 8 is a rather impressive document. It contains a Charter of Rights and Freedoms that guarantees individual liberties "subject only to such reasonable limits prescribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a free and democratic society."

Leading the fight for the "entrenchment" of human rights in the Constitution was Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who has not been a notably zealous defender of civil liberties in the past. Although Trudeau is a founding member of the Montreal Civil Liberties Union, he is the only Prime Minister in Canadian history to invoke the War Measures Act in peacetime. More recently, he expressed qualified sympathy for the suppression of civil liberties by the government of Poland, calling it necessary to avert civil war. This provoked outrage among Polish-Canadians as well as among his parliamentary opposition.

Nonetheless, Trudeau has all but won the difficult fight that began in 1968 when he called the first in a series of Federal-Provincial Conferences on the Constitution. The

Edgar Z. Friedenberg, an American citizen, has been a professor of education at Dalhousie University since 1970.

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The Second Annual P.E.N./Faulkner Award for Fiction

Nominations and Citations

Sixty Stories—Donald Barthelme (G.P. Putnam's Sons)
Barthelme is onto these terrible times. The strange yet familiar voices in his stories we recognize as the voices we really hear or dream we hear. His world is fractured, as funny and sad, as farcical and disconnected as the real world. Yet by virtue of his art connection is restored, a word is uttered and received.

Take Me Back—Richard Bausch (The Dial Press)
Take Me Back is a seamless and perfectly wrought novel. It is all the more remarkable for rendering the extravagant unhappiness, the loneliness and failure of two people in a prose so spare and controlled as to be exhilarating. Richard Bausch even contrives to bring about a victory of love and innocence in this wasteland and to do so without sentimentality.

The Chaneysville Incident—David Bradley
(Harper & Row)
The Chaneysville Incident explores the powerful claim of ritual in our lives. In this novel ritual takes the form of someone telling a story that forces a man to abandon his formal understanding of the world in order to come to terms with his own past. David Bradley's novel is ambitious in scope and daring in conception; and most impressive of all, it realizes the promise of just about every risk he takes.

Ellis Island & Other Stories—Mark Helprin
(Delacorte Press / Seymour Lawrence)
Mark Helprin has the vision and ability to give us, in fiction, any place, any century, as well as times and places never before imagined. His work is grave and joyous, strong and uncanny. He has the courage—as *Ellis Island & Other Stories* makes clear—to be a story-teller, and the courage to exact from language all the beauty he can, which is considerable.

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux)
Housekeeping is a work of steadfast art, a gently comic novel that has about it a spiritual aura rare in contemporary fiction. Its subject, the child that we continue to be throughout our lives, is profound. Its lucid and yet poetic prose is exemplary of the imagination that informs this novel's every page.

A Flag for Sunrise—Robert Stone (Knopf)
Set in a fictional but all too real Latin American country, Robert Stone's novel succeeds in maintaining the delicate balance between the dissection of character and the argument we continue to have with ourselves over how we have behaved as a nation. Stone is a writer who does not see our private fates as adrift from the issues of survival confronting the majority of the world's people. *A Flag for Sunrise* is a brilliant meditation on our best and worst intentions as a nation and the violence our high-minded rhetoric has done to ourselves and to those we have forced it upon.

Judges: Wesley Brown, John Hawkes, Walker Percy
Advisers: Ann Beattie, Vance Bourjaily, Shirley Hazzard, Bernard Malamud, Grace Paley
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struggle has been marked by political maneuverings and compromises; the human rights charter was opposed by the premiers of several of Canada's ten provinces, who sought to water it down, and separatist Quebec's objections are still being argued in Canadian courts.

Last February, the Canadian House of Commons began debate on the constitutional resolution containing the charter that evolved into the document now before the British Parliament for final approval. The debate and the lobbying that went on behind the scenes sharpened the resolution considerably and exhibited the Canadian political process at its most flexible. The language of the resolution remained fussy and imprecise in crucial places, but it amply satisfied Trudeau's ambitions for a Charter of Rights and Freedoms in the Constitution—in fact, it went beyond them. But only two of the provincial premiers supported the Prime Minister, and one of them, the redoubtable Bill Davis of Ontario, wasn't too enthusiastic about the charter itself, though he did admit that the Constitution needed some kind of bill of rights to be respectable.

Several provinces filed lawsuits to prevent the Prime Minister from sending the Constitution to England for patriation even if the Canadian Parliament approved it. Then, last fall, the Supreme Court of Canada rendered a verdict that left Trudeau in a very tricky position. The court held the provinces' approval was required "as a matter of constitutional convention," but not "as a matter of law." To an American, that sort of language, from a court, seems absurd if not improper. But convention, custom and common law precedents are essential components of the old Canadian Constitution, with the British North America Act of 1867 its written core. The effect of the ruling was that the British Parliament might feel obliged to reject the new document out of deference to the provinces' opposition. The court also held that the consent of the provinces could be *substantial* rather than *unanimous*, thus apparently nullifying a veto by Quebec, which claims that special rights were given it under the 1867 act, which united Canada in a federation.

As a result of the Supreme Court decision, Trudeau began making concessions to the premiers, who were testing their new strength. Early in November, after four days of haggling, a compromise was hammered out during an all-night meeting in Ottawa. Neither Trudeau nor any of the premiers attended that meeting, and the negotiations were conducted by three of their surrogates: Jean Chrétien, Minister of Justice and Trudeau's field marshal for constitutional affairs; Roy Romanow, Saskatchewan's Minister of Intergovernmental Affairs; and Roy McMurtry, Attorney General of Ontario. All three Canadian national political parties were represented; Saskatchewan is governed by the New Democratic Party, which usually supports civil liberties.

McMurtry's prominence in the negotiations was a truly sinister portent. He is arguably the most resourceful and determined enemy of civil liberties in Canada today, and the Canadian Civil Liberties Association devotes a considerable amount of its time to fighting his actions. These include appealing the acquittal of the respected gay-rights journal *The*

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Body Politic on charges of publishing "indecent, immoral, or scurrilous" material, and issuing a stay of proceedings that quashed the pending prosecution of a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer under a complaint filed by a leader of the now-defunct League for Socialist Action. (R.C.M.P. officials had admitted to an Ontario Royal Commission that they circulated forged documents in a dirty-tricks campaign against the league.)

During the night, these three young architects of liberty whittled away at the charter and came up with a compromise that would be acceptable to the premiers of the English-speaking provinces. After securing their assent by telephone, the trio presented Quebec's Premier René Lévesque with a *fait accompli* at a breakfast meeting, telling him in effect to take it or leave it. Angrily, he rejected it—not on civil liberties grounds but because, once again, little or nothing had been provided to guarantee Quebec's special place in the nation and, especially, its language rights. Lévesque blew his golden opportunity to become the indignant champion of *liberté, égalité, et les droits de l'homme et de la femme.*

The compromise was a flagrant betrayal of the charter's original promise. Provisions guaranteeing the rights of women and of Canada's native peoples—Indian, Inuit and Métis—were dropped. The latter excision brought joy to the Western provinces, all of which have outstanding Indian land claims against them and stood to lose billions if tribal land rights granted under treaties with Britain were recognized in the Canadian Constitution. Furthermore, an override clause was added, which was, as *The Globe and Mail* of Toronto commented, "peculiarly Canadian. . . . To the best of anyone's knowledge it does not appear in the bill of rights of any other country." This clause, which is part of the charter now awaiting final approval by the British Parliament, permits any provincial legislature or the Parliament of Canada to set aside for a period of five years—subject to renewal—any of the "fundamental freedoms" or "legal rights" supposedly guaranteed by the new Constitution. Sterling Lyon, the Progressive Conservative who was then Premier of Manitoba and the most forthright opponent, after Lévesque, of the human rights charter, expressed the significance of the override clause succinctly: "People can put whatever euphemism on it that they wish. And if it makes somebody down there have jollies to talk about an entrenched charter, they can have all the jollies they wish. I know the clause permits the Government of Manitoba to override it."

This, then, was the Constitution brought before the Canadian House of Commons on November 18. Its passage seemed certain, in view of the large liberal majority in the House and the Prime Minister's insistence that it must be adopted because it was the best document that could be obtained. Trudeau also pointed out that amendments could be added once the Constitution was patriated by the British Parliament. But the people and the press had had nearly a fortnight after the compromise version was hammered out to ruminate about the new charter, and as they ruminated, they spat. Television newscasters abandoned the celebra-

WRITERS CONGRESS RECORD

Investigative Reporting

"The classic investigative reporter is like a latter-day Diogenes. You remember him—the ancient Greek who wandered the world with his lantern seeking an honest man. In this guise the investigative reporter serves as a kind of moral custodian of the Republic, trying to close the gap—always there and often wide—between what men say and what men do. Wrongdoing is his chosen target. . . .

"But there is another kind of investigative reporting, requiring a different kind of temperament in search of a different kind of truth. Here the classic model is Socrates. Diogenes tries to uncover what men really do; Socrates wants to know what things are really like. These are related but not identical lines of work. Both start from the premise something is wrong, both are investigations and both require a lot of reporting. But I would argue that the two are naturally successive—you don't do one or *the other, but one* after *the other.*

"Investigative reporters of the classic type sometimes seem to believe that if only honest men ran the world all would be well. This is not the case. There are always plenty of villains about but villains don't create the world; they just profit from it. Certain things that bedevil us go as far back in time as we can see—poverty, bigotry, war and civil violence, racial hatred, man's tendency to use up the natural world, the oppression of one social class or sex or race or nationality by another, and so on. . . . Why should reporters neglect these fundamental matters just because they are large, hard to understand and even harder to do anything about? . . .

"It seems to me the natural evolution of the investigative reporter ought to proceed beyond the point of a good working knowledge of the way the world really works. To halt there is to invite cynicism, which is a kind of surrender. Figuring out the way things work is basic homework. At that point the writer ought to begin to ask himself the harder questions: What is the nature of the problem? Why has it been with us so long? Why is it so hard to change?

"You can't explain the great troubles of humans in history by finding the villains. All have deep roots in human nature and culture, and it seems to me that investigative reporters—writers, if you like—have failed of their duty if they don't attempt to stretch themselves on the large, hard questions of what things are like and why."

—Thomas Powers, writer and reporter, American Writers Congress, October 9-12, 1981.

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tions of Canada's pending rebirth as an independent nation and began criticizing the compromise charter.

Last November will be remembered as a turning point in Canadian politics. Has the phrase "women's lib" become a cliché? Civil liberties in Canada would have been forfeited last November but for the strength and the superb organization of the women's movement. Does the phrase "Indians on the warpath" sound quaint? Thousands of them demonstrated, in full battle dress, in Edmonton, in Vancouver and, of course, in Ottawa, and the effect was not quaint. Nor did they confine themselves to traditional means of protest. *The Globe and Mail* reported on November 19:

> As a part of a common front yesterday, Chief Gary Potts of the Bear Island band in Northern Ontario released leaked confidential letters between Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry and federal Justice Minister Jean Chrétien while the constitutional resolution was before the Supreme Court of Canada last May. The McMurtry letter shows that while Ontario has been publicly supportive of the native rights section, it was lobbying strenuously behind the scenes to have the entrenchment clause removed.

The Globe and Mail also published the texts of the letters.

Many of the voters of Manitoba are women or Métis, or both; and many others know from their history books about the abortive Red River Rebellion of 1870, when Manitoba tried to avoid annexation into the new Canadian confederation. Landslides seldom occur in this flat prairie country, but one did in the provincial elections of November 17, and it buried Sterling Lyon. The new Premier, Howard Pawley of the New Democratic Party, immediately declared that he would not approve the charter unless the Indian rights provision was restored. The N.D.P. Premier of Saskatchewan, Allan Blakeney, rescinded his acceptance until the women's rights provision was put back in. Then the last holdout, Premier Peter Lougheed of Alberta, which has vast wealth and a large Indian population, agreed to go along with the restoration of the articles recognizing the rights of native peoples if the word "existing" was inserted to modify "rights."

Thus the Constitution Act of 1981 that was passed on the evening of December 8, and flown to London the same night on a special plane, had the women's rights and Indian rights sections intact, although the Indian rights provision was still subject to Lougheed's "existing," which may further impoverish the native peoples of Canada and surely enrich the legal profession. (The Indian tribes sued in the British courts demanding that the Crown continue to safeguard their rights under treaties signed long before Canada existed, but the courts declined to hear their arguments, claiming lack of jurisdiction.) The British Parliament will debate and probably pass the new Constitution in the near future, and when the Constitution Act is approved at Westminster, Queen Elizabeth II of Canada will proclaim it as law. What, then, will Trudeau have accomplished when the Fat Lady sings?

More, by far, than appears on the face of the document itself. Canada already had its independence; like the other nations of the Commonwealth, it was made fully autonomous by the British Statute of Westminster in 1931. Britain has not interfered in Canadian affairs since then, and it finds its present involvement in Ottawa's political controversy highly embarrassing. What Trudeau *has* done, however, is to stir the nation into an illuminating dialogue about the nature and value of political liberty. The results have been astonishing and rewarding.

Although the Constitution is neither as strong nor as noble as it ought to have been, in the process of debating—*confronting*—it, the Canadian people have discovered that they are much stronger and somewhat nobler than they had thought—and far more activist and politically effective than they have been in the past. The present mood of the country is a curious mixture of anxiety and hope. The economy is ravaged and decaying; layoffs, unemployment and inflation have brought anger and despair to the people. But there is also something positive: a sense of having faced hard issues and learned how to go on facing them, and this includes facing down your own leaders when necessary.

This may not be quite what Trudeau wanted, but he certainly deserves some of the credit for bringing it about. It would have been preferable if he had fought for a sturdier constitutional model, one that could climb steep hills without backsliding, but he did make delivery, after a decade of thankless struggle. To ask whether he is really enthusiastic about civil liberties is a little like asking if Wayne Gretzky can fly. In his own line of work, Trudeau is probably the most competent and reliable professional around, and these qualities, rather than enthusiasm, were what enabled him to outskate his formidable opposition and reach the goal. □

'Peace Catholics'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

protest against "our nation's continuing involvement in the race for nuclear arms supremacy."

These men symbolize a remarkable change that has taken place within the American Catholic hierarchy. Nowadays, many bishops welcome antiwar groups like the Catholic Peace Fellowship into their dioceses to talk to young men about becoming conscientious objectors. Seventeen bishops have joined Pax Christi, an international Catholic organization with strong pacifist leanings, and no fewer than forty American bishops signed statements during the past year criticizing Washington's nuclear arms policies.

How does one explain this astonishing switch within the American hierarchy from sycophancy to bold criticisms of the nuclear arms race, from unquestioning support for the military to protests against policies branded as barbaric, inhumane and threatening to life on this planet? At least three influences to which the bishops have been exposed over a period of years account for the change.

The first is the persistent condemnation of nuclear

John Deedy, former managing editor of Commonweal, *is now associated with Claretian Publications of Chicago.*

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weapons and the arms race by Popes John XXIII, Paul VI and John Paul II. (Paul VI and John Paul II spoke passionately on the subject in addresses to the United Nations.) It was inevitable that the American bishops would eventually heed these messages.

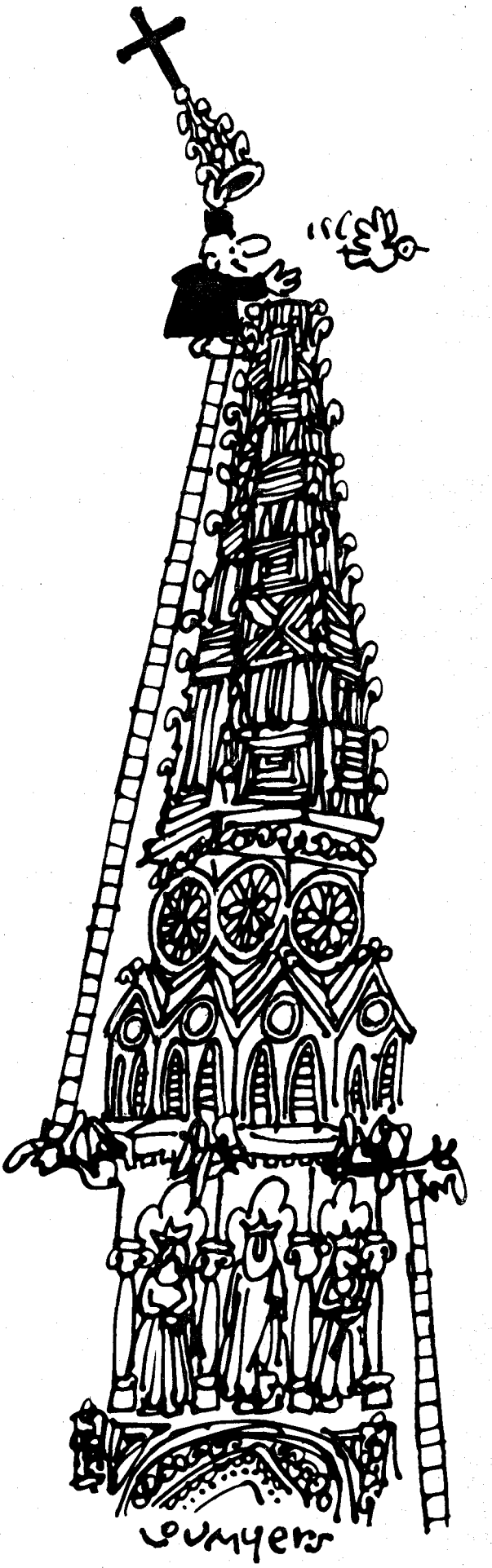
The second is the vindication of the Catholic peace activists of the Vietnam era, including the most well known of them all, Jesuit Father Daniel Berrigan. Berrigan merits special mention: since American troops left Vietnam, no one has done more to keep the arms-control issue alive in the United States than he. When other Vietnam-era activists turned to new and sometimes frivolous interests, Berrigan stuck with the fight to which he has devoted his energies since the 1950s. It is perhaps extravagant to say that he has educated a new generation of bishops on questions of peace and nuclear arms, but it is fair to say that he has helped to shape the thinking of many bishops, including some who may not realize their ideological indebtedness to him.

The third is a growing awareness among many bishops of the incontrovertible accuracy of the words of Archbishop John Roach, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, at last November's annual meeting of the hierarchy: "What is spent for guns directly reduces what is available for the quality of life for the least among us."

Roach was merely stating a truism that directly affects every bishop through his diocese's pocketbook. Up to 60 percent of diocesan budgets for charity and social welfare are based on the availability of Federal funds. For example, the Worcester, Massachusetts, diocese estimates that as a result of social-service cuts in the 1982 Federal budget, it could have $968,986 less to spend, a huge sum for a small diocese. Having eyes to see that these cuts mainly benefit the Pentagon, many bishops inevitably come to oppose policies that place arms before oleo.

Strong as these influences have been, they have not affected all bishops equally. One can still hear the occasional cry of *Spellman bellicosus*, the bird that caricaturist Edward Sorel depicted with an olive branch in its beak and a rocket in its claws. The sound is less hawkish today, but it is unmistakable. Bishop Edward O'Rourke of Peoria, Illinois, for example, cautions his episcopal colleagues against "being stampeded" into total condemnation of nuclear arms. And Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York argues that "a strategy of nuclear deterrence can be morally tolerated while a nation is sincerely trying to come up with a rational alternative." Cooke adds that he is "personally proud" of the nation's servicemen and servicewomen and considers them "true guardians of peace."

Cooke's comments, which were part of his recent annual message to Catholic military chaplains, carry implications that deserve further analysis. They should not be discounted as the words of a man following in his predecessor's footsteps (Cooke was a ranking member of Spellman's chancery). Nor were they delivered impulsively. They were carefully chosen by someone very well aware of the weight the views of a man of his stature would have, and who did not like what he saw as a growing trend in the American



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Catholic Church. Obviously, his comments were intended to provide a doctrinal counterbalance to the views of the bishops who dissent from current defense policy, whose numbers and visibility make it seem that the American Catholic Church has embraced pacifism like the Quakers and the Mennonites. Cooke acted to correct any such impression, and he obliquely conceded that he was doing so when he said that his message had been prompted in part by letters he had received asking if the Catholic Church had changed its views on military service and if Catholics must refuse to have anything to do with nuclear weapons.

Very possibly he might have been eager to reassure the Reagan Administration too, which must by now be concerned about the political effects of an official condemnation of nuclear arms by a church that represents 23 percent of all Americans—the more than 50 million Catholics in this country. Washington needn't worry, however. The bishops who are speaking out against the arms race do not represent any groundswell of opinion within the Church as a whole. For better or for worse, the average American Catholic is still infused with patriotism and loyalty—values that were, incidentally, long preached by the bishops themselves. Furthermore, the opinions of most Catholics do not necessarily reflect those of their bishops. Most Catholics refuse to be dictated to on matters of sexual morality, abortion or birth control (55 percent of American Catholics reject the Church's views on abortion, according to a study conducted by Chicago's National Opinion Research Center), so it is unlikely they would heed the bishops on national defense.

The evidence in support of this point is already coming in. Three months after his call to the workers at Pantex to give up their jobs assembling neutron bombs, Bishop Matthiesen conceded on a television news program that he did not know of a single one who had done so. Pressed by the interviewer, he said the reason was probably that "they believe in what they are doing."

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None of this is said to demean the bishops who are speaking out for disarmament, but only to spike the impression that the word "Catholic" has become a synonym for "anti-war," "antinuclear," "peace" and "protest."

Nor is it said to suggest that the "peace bishops" are wasting their breath. They are not. Their statements are important additions to the litany of concern over nuclear weapons that is being heard in the educational, scientific and medical communities, as well as from Protestant churches. For instance, the 4,362 congregations of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) have been urged by their leadership to resist the international arms buildup; the 8,900 parishes of the United Presbyterian Church have been asked to make Mondays a day of fasting, prayer, meditation and discussion about a freeze on the production of nuclear weapons; and regional executives of the American Baptist Churches have endorsed a resolution stating that "the presence of nuclear weapons, and the willingness to use them, is a direct affront to our Christian beliefs and commitment."

This is strong stuff, the kind of preachment the American Catholic bishops heard for years from a succession of popes. And just as the bishops eventually listened to the popes, it is reasonable to hope that one day Washington will hear the voices of peace. The question is, How long must one wait for Washington to hear?

Archbishop Hunthausen has made plain that he can wait no longer. By deciding to withhold a portion of his Federal income tax, he has drawn a line and in effect dared the government to step across it—an act of civil disobedience, of course, that makes him liable for prosecution.

As of April 15, the next move will be up to Washington. It will be interesting to see whether the government chooses to prosecute the Archbishop or to look the other way. Its hand will most likely be forced by Hunthausen's prominence and by his willingness to make his case publicly. For example, the announcement of his decision to withhold his taxes was made in the form of a pastoral letter to the 350,000 people of his archdiocese, then reaffirmed the next day by the Archbishop himself before a cheering, standing-room-only crowd in the auditorium of the University of Notre Dame.

Whatever it decides to do, the government will be in a no-win situation. It can elect to ignore Hunthausen, thus inviting the tax resistance of no one knows how many more people. Or it can prosecute, thus becoming an ogre pursuing a man of peace, a move that is certain to upset Hunthausen's sympathizers and possibly provoke more tax resistance.

The Archbishop, meanwhile, is playing it cool. He has declared that the money he refuses to pay to the government will be deposited in a fund for charitable, peaceful purposes. He and the other "peace bishops" argue that such purposes are what most of the Pentagon's appropriations should be used for. However, Hunthausen and others might soon have to raise their voices from a different sanctuary. Their activism could take them where it has several times taken one of their mentors, Daniel Berrigan—behind prison walls. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Hung Over in Montana

GEOFFREY STOKES

NOBODY'S ANGEL. *By Thomas McGuane. Random House. 240 pp. $14.50. Paper $6.95.*

It's been fourteen years since *The Sporting Club*, and a number of folks are ready by now to accuse Thomas McGuane of breach of promise; though I'm not yet among them, I understand the temptation. First of all, McGuane still seems unable to resist making a joke. A lot of these are funny (his characters tend to talk like Oscar Wilde on Maui Wowee), but many are out of place (I mean, *all* his characters tend . . .).

And another thing. Despite their flashy stylistic changes, McGuane's first four novels had but one subject: Formerly Catholic young man of responsible age and good though eccentric family attempts to live fully moral life while moseying to a different drummer and enjoying guilt-free—and ultimately, perhaps, *committed*—sex with a woman in a relationship that seems, from the giddyup, doomed.

Comes now the much-ballyhooed *Nobody's Angel*, which, according to *The New York Times Magazine*, establishes McGuane as a "Western novelist." Since the book is about a formerly Catholic young man of good but eccentric family attempting to live a fully moral life *on a ranch in Montana* while moseying to a different etc., *The Times*'s discovery makes one wonder just how many cow ponies you'd have to herd into his office before Ed Klein realized he was ankle-deep in horse shit. What does make *Nobody's Angel* different from McGuane's Key West novels is its protagonist's drug of choice. After exploring the outer limits of cocaine—so convincingly in *Panama* I suspected he'd never write again—McGuane has returned to the drug that animated his very first novel: alcohol. "Patrick Fitzpatrick lived on a ranch thirty-one miles outside of town. He was a fourth-generation cowboy outsider, an educated man, a whiskey addict and until recently a professional soldier." Each of these attributes is important to the 36-year-old Fitzpatrick, but only whiskey is central to the book; *Nobody's Angel* is about hangovers.

Mornings after aren't new for McGuane (in *Panama*, Chet Pomeroy found himself "beginning to sense that the night had written a check that daylight couldn't cover," but he never acted as though he might believe it), but here, there is no illusion they can be easily cured. Not with a line of coke, not with an early whiskey. The hangovers in *Nobody's Angel* aren't mere inconveniences that yield to aspirin or sleep; they are the cripplers you can only earn by taking a continent from its inhabitants—or one spouse from another. Such short-term pleasures guarantee long-term pain.

Though he's a committed drinker, Fitzpatrick is neither stupid nor inattentive; when he resigned his officer's commission and left the Army, early and pensionless, to take over his family's marginal ranch, he knew he was upsetting the normal order. Yet one never gets a sense that his decision to return was arbitrary, for Fitzpatrick, unlike every McGuane protagonist since James Quinn, isn't obviously self-destructive. Older, steadier, considerably more likable than his predecessors, Fitzpatrick is crazy only in ways that the rest of us are.

This also makes him different from Tio—a temporary Montanan, all Texahoma oil money—whose troublesome stallion Patrick has signed on to train:

> "It's a hell of a picturesque deal out here," said Tio, looking all around. "Has to be an escape. About a month of this, though, I'd start missing my wells and my travel agent in that order. Getting to where I can't hardly stand a vacation. The same time I'm looking to farm everything out. Supposed to be delegating. But delegating for what? Got everything a guy'd ever need. We knocked off work and redid an old sugar factory down in the islands, then moved to Saint-Barts. Every time we went down to dinner we'd be lined up behind these Kuwait sand niggers waving three different currencies at the waiter. Me, I took the old lady and went back to Tulsa, got her a little hidey-hole and a bunch of charge accounts and threw her to fortune. I'm not saying I farmed *that* out. But I figured this: If nature's going to run its course, an intelligent man best stand back from his television set. Well, nothing happened. By the time I got a hundred million in help on a little offshore daydream of mine, she'd bought maybe two dresses and was back breaking colts like somebody supposed to call you sir. Still now, Pat, my conscience is anagging at me all the while. Hell, look at you. 'What's the point of all this falteral,' ole Pat is asking hisself."
>
> "You read my mind." Patrick thought, I must have a stupid, vacant face for people to run on at me like this. I must have big jug-handle ears.

The point turns out to be that when Tio goes back to Texahoma to play in his mud puddles, he'd like Patrick to keep an eye on Claire, "the old lady." There are any number of reasons Tio wishes Patrick to take on this responsibility, all of which he cites in copious and confusing detail, but the "big thing is, I know you're cowboy enough to keep it in your pants." This is a serious error on Tio's part—as it will soon be on Patrick's. He has already toyed with a nineteenth-century fantasy of being Claire's coachman: "'Might I assist, Ma'moiselle?' She can't help but notice how good he is with the horses. One must put aside one's silk-bound missal and duck off into this grove of elms. The horses graze; the springs of the little coach can be heard for miles. Screeching like fruit bats."

That last passage is a classic McGuane operation. He takes the perfectly respectable little joke about the coach springs—worth anyway a quick smile as it impinges on the romantic reverie—and turns it thoroughly weird by tossing in fruit bats (whose noise-making abilities one has no time to query because in the next paragraph Claire has herself gone airborne as the solitary first-class passenger in an imaginary aircraft Patrick is suddenly piloting).

In any event, Claire and Patrick turn out to be noisier than they'd wished. There are gunshots, helicopters, dead coyotes and other complications. Also a quite believable love between two grown-ups. Learning more about Tio helped, but I suspect I'd have been rooting for Patrick and Claire anyhow. Nice people. Deserve to have each other.

Which can never happen, of course, for McGuane's characters cast real shadows, and *Nobody's Angel* is full of

Geoffrey Stokes is a staff writer for The Village Voice.

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mornings when fear and pain don't vanish up Patrick's nose but lie sour in his belly. In this novel's harsh world, the only sure-fire way to avoid life's pain is to kill yourself. And even that has consequences for the people you leave behind. For such a genuinely funny book, *Nobody's Angel* is pretty grim.

Which does not at all imply that McGuane is disinterring the absurdist/black humor shtick. His characters make their jokes not because the world is about to come to a messy end all over them but because it just may not and one might as well have as good a time as possible. No one's got very high expectations anyhow. Here are Claire and Patrick after the first time they make love:

> "You ought to get out," she said.
> "What's the matter?"
> "I don't do that kind of thing."
> "You just did."
> "I know. I bet when we're old it makes us feel lonely and empty."

Now the notion that actions have consequences—that the means not only justify but determine the ends—is not among the great intellectual breakthroughs of the late twentieth century. And McGuane's apparent belief that hangovers are good for us—that without such cruel feedback mechanisms we would all be at one another's throats and genitals—offers only bleak, Hobbesian comfort. Still, it is an *idea*. Not a large one, maybe even a dumb one, but an idea. *Nobody's Angel* is not just pyrotechnics.

And that's a problem. As *writing*, the novel is a flat-out success; I often caught myself laughing aloud, and even once or twice imagined how nice it would be to commute on my horse—or even in my battered pickup—instead of the D train. But it's pretty fragile stuff. I mean, what is all that rigmarole in the beginning with Grandpa and the film company? Does McGuane have some Hollywood scores to settle? And why does Claire disappear for almost fifty pages in the heart of the book? If McGuane means to argue that she's really unimportant, he's wrong; we miss her. And maybe it's slack season in the ranch biz, but it occurs to me that Patrick doesn't *work* very much, which he probably ought to if his return to the ranch is to have any meaning at all. (McGuane is sort of worried about this himself, it seems: " 'We'll quit while we're ahead,' " Patrick tells Claire. " 'I've got things that have to be done.' What if she asks for examples? Change the cat's whisker on Grandpa's crystal set? Milk the elk?")

But except for Claire's vanishing act, one notices *Nobody's Angel*'s problems only after the book is closed. Mostly, there is so much *interesting* going on that, like Wile E. Coyote, we don't realize the road has turned until we're already strolling in midair. Real falls hurt. As Patrick, training a horse, observes, "By your late thirties, the ground has begun to grow hard. It grows harder and harder until the day it admits you." And McGuane stays true to this vision. Patrick finally winds up, without Claire, back in Europe with the Army. And with, when he's drinking heavy, his longtime imaginary girlfriend, Marion Easterly. Who has, given the cowboy context, an interesting name.

Patrick does not come back; McGuane has. □

Poetry Unyoked

RICHARD HOWARD

ADMIT IMPEDIMENT. *By Marie Ponsot. The Knopf Poetry Series, 5. Alfred A. Knopf. 144 pp. $12.95. Paper $6.95.*

ANTARCTIC TRAVELLER. *By Katha Pollitt. The Knopf Poetry Series, 7. Alfred A. Knopf. 60 pp. $12.95. Paper $5.95.*

A NORTHERN CALENDAR. *By Ira Sadoff. Godine Poetry Chapbook Series IV. David R. Godine. 32 pp. $8.95.*

PORTRAITS AND ELEGIES. *By Gjertrud Schnackenberg. Godine Poetry Chapbook Series IV. David R. Godine. 48 pp. $8.95.*

SAD-FACED MEN. *By William Logan. Godine Poetry Chapbook Series IV. David R. Godine. 40 pp. $8.95.*

Crisply packaged as they are, it will be our first task to unyoke these five books, which are so diverse that the congruities suggested by their formats are a falsification. One by one, then, and to each accordingly. It is unlikely that you have Number Five of the old City Lights Pocket Poets Series, more unlikely still that you could find it now, for it is twenty-five years since Marie Ponsot first was published, and the losses and concessions of the interval are captured by her two titles: *True Minds*, she called that pamphlet, and now, for all the generous ardors of her middle age—"earned by pluck propriety or love"—*Admit Impediment*. It is the marriage which has been elided: experiences of daughterhood and maternity, from cradle to crone, as it were, prevail. The book begins with divorce, salutes the departing children and celebrates—this is its burden, the celebration of solitude—the woman *by herself*:

> reaching invisibly
> for what is great yet proper to me
> and cannot but mother me:
> unconsidered liberty.
> ("Discovery")

There is a reticence, a modesty, about Ponsot's modes: "I can't juggle up a rite of departure," she admits, "with classic control and in traditional costume." This aporia is likely to satisfy her, if not always her readers, with a poetics of the bit-by-bit, an instantaneous formulation merely, as the poet is not so much content as constrained "to stare and listen/to catch tremendous vestiges." So decent and so discerning is the character of the speaker in these illuminations ("a shiny scar/serves to teach/identify or save") that it is easy to want more than she is willing to give. When there is so much of understood relations, why is there not tougher connective tissue? But "Grace, as it dilates, effaces," Ponsot remarks, and the damages of a lifetime, as well as the delights, are not to be expressed as more than "working definitions of the human/music." Except for the really grand vision of the sonnet sequence "From the Fountain at Vaucluse," the poems are sinuous and evasive, eager to keep out of their own way—"and we are left to burn or bury what we can," as Ponsot says of her residual life in New York City. That sonnet sequence at the sacred source grants a renewal, a tribute bubbling up at the water's source, "brought/from view to vision by the path it wrought." I doubt that Ponsot, or the poet who in her name apostrophizes "Landscape be my lens. Rectify my sight," is much concerned about "grandeur," about large and inclusive struc-

Richard Howard's translation of Baudelaire's Les Fleurs du mal *will be published this spring by Godine. He is now at work on his eighth book of poems.*

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tures, though her understanding of formality grants her access to fine perceptions like this quatrain from the sequence:

> Women may model a fresh human grace
> That is not weak but deep for those set free
> Of win & lose, and—present like this place—
> Come from depth to breadth by pressing steadily.

She takes, as you see, her lesson from the welling water, and there is a great learning here. But more idiosyncratic is the fragmentation, the withdrawal, the self-questioning and the beleaguered self-acceptance: "grown to want/what I have/and to have/what I want/where I want/what I have/to be." We have never heard Sycorax's side of the story before.

Not since Robert Hass's first book have I encountered a debut so seductive as Katha Pollitt's, poems so determined to be beguiled by the world that we cannot peer between them to the sour scrawling self that writes, an inky revenge. What Pollitt wants, what she creates, is the alternative life, unconditioned, eagerly espousing all that is unknown: "It is your other, solitary self/that calls you. . . . In the next apartment/a door is flung open." But she is shrewd, too, and passionately disabused by moments, intervals of chagrin "when suddenly 'choices'/ ceased to mean 'infinite possibilities'/ and became instead 'deciding what to do without'. . ." So there is a wariness about these ecstasies, so readily bestowed, so rashly withdrawn. It can be anything—any delight of physical recognition is enough to set Pollitt off, to light her up like an electric field, wherein any correspondence takes her into other minds, other worlds, back country, desertion of the usual:

> Who knows what we wish?
> Watching you drive beside me,
> I think of all the dark windows of automobiles,
> the children asleep in the back,
> and I picture the mind, unknown,
> as hidden in caverns of the body
> as the ghosts in these machines.
> ("When We Drive at Night")

Of course she has studied the nostalgias—her own reviews these last few years have made it clear what a close-reading wit she wields. Stevens is here ("black monosyllables, crows on a bare tree/while the hills slowed under snow"), and Elizabeth Bishop, at "Seal Rock" ("Huge, simple, sleek as Maillol bronzes, they/sprawl in the sun, or powerfully dive/and surface jewelled with spray/then lumber with heavy grace back up to their mates. . . . Whatever their language, they are not speaking to us"), and even Strand and Simic serve her turn. I am saying no more than the poet herself:

> My heart rejoices as it can
> and finds haphazard grace
> in any mobile thing: I praise. . . .
> ("Composition in Black and White")

What gives the distinction, the special twist of idiom we call style, is the perception of delight in the world entertained on its own terms, as in "Five Poems from Japanese Paintings." Readers who came upon these in *The New Yorker* were the first to know what is dramatized for us all here, that the decorative is the decisive moment, indulged only to be twitched away from us with a teasing laugh, tragic—as Oscar Wilde says pleasure is tragic, has more tragic possibilities than happiness:

> . . . Suddenly
> it is that moment you have longed for,
> you overflow like a cup,
> like the moon overflowing with whiteness.
> Could you live like that,
> moving from incandescence to incandescence
> as courtly viewers of plum flowers
> proceed from one white orchard to the next?
> Or would you find
> their formal robes too stiff, the moon too slow,
> the orchards, when you reached them,
> muddy and full of frogs?
> ("Moon and Flowering Plum")

As the quotations reveal, there is just enough decorum in the decor to keep the poems together. The frogs are real and the gardens too; what is imaginary is the will, "the ego glinting at the heart of things," as she calls it in the title poem. Startling, in this rapturous first book, to find the poet willing to entrust herself so readily and so richly to the appearances, the worldly arrangements, "not understanding what it was she'd

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seen/but trusting it, a mystery that would keep." Miranda's account, unmonitored by Prospero *or* Ferdinand.

Ira Sadoff needs more room than a Godine chapbook can afford to give his centrifugal apprehensions—evasions, really, of the silence brooding at the center. He needs more stanzas than his present renunciation of the prose poem (of which he had become, in his second book, one of our rare and uproarious masters) spurs him to, for his blessed aspiration is to attain to a condition in which verbs will not be used, a state beyond the linear reach of narrative as beyond the circling embrace of verse, an ecstasy in the deepest plummet of the word, *a stance outside of consciousness* (everything the opposite of inherence):

> In the distance I make out rabbit
> tracks
> and behind them, something larger,
> a dog perhaps, on its trail.
> The trail leads nowhere
> and the rabbit's safe.
> A world without predators: the
> parent's
> dream. Why won't it pass?
> Look: the starling's pulled that
> ribbon
> of worm, the day's unraveling,
> we're moving on, exhausted, ready
> to begin.
> ("January: First Light")

Here the very organization of life itself (released from the hunting dog, there is still the predatory starling) and of language too (the mocking ambiguity of the verb *pass*) join forces to thwart Sadoff's nostalgia for resurrection. He craves a world restored on the other side of silence, and most of his poems are accounts of why it will never be vouchsafed, though so much experience—the memory of animal perpetuations—seems to rehearse the possibility, the miracle. "And praised this day for standing still" is the portentous coda of a tough little poem about not picking up a hitchhiker evidently "on the road" in the hip sense. The poem is titled "Summer Solstice: in Praise of the Bourgeois," and it enacts the ironies of Sadoff's decision to extol the trance, for after all, he is *not* standing still like the day, he is "speeding past." The everyday trials of existence impede the ecstatic realization; Sadoff marvels at his "wife upstairs," who fulfills the conditions of his longing vision of her:

> . . . my wife's far away in that
> room,
> out of the ordinary, fills that space
> with longing, the aroma of fallen
> apples,
> the space a single room can't hold.
> ("My Wife's Upstairs")

It is only the self—oneself—that cannot achieve a realization past "the repetitions/we become." Sadoff watches the circumstantial raptures of others in his Maine province and ruefully accepts his place—after all, he is the speaker, the one who commands the utterance, it will have to do—in the fragmentation of it all, the endless *fallout*:

> . . . And like the water
> stirred against the lighthouse wall,
> breaking up, wave after wave, we
> forget ourselves. Learn our place.
> ("February: Pemaquid Point")

All of Gjertrud Schnackenberg's eagerly rhymed and cadenced poems are laments, inevitably rising to an elegiac pitch, for her dead father, for Darwin a year before his death, for the dead of the house on Hadley Street. Her imagination of others is knowing, even learned, as in the poem "Bavaria," where Wagner and Nietzsche, Ludwig and Hitler are conjugated into the terrible second-guessing that is her mode—her threnody:

> It is November, 1962,
> A siren from the village rises, spins
> Itself into a planet of alarm
> That hangs a moment in the
> wilderness,
> And dusk comes through the forest
> with Venus,
> Star of emergency, upon its arm.

But it is a learning that must serve her turn, literally her versification, a recovery of the pattern made or left by vanished generations, deciduous lives. Almost all the poems are in the vocative case, bound and determined to summon into being those existences of which the evidence is so haunting—the photograph left under stairs, the sampler, the Millerite hysterias of 1843—and so useless. There are one or two moments when the need to make a poem out of the apprehension drowns out the life beneath the words: an overeagerness to rhyme "abandoned garden" with the precipitate "need for pardon." As to the carefully concocted necromancy which is most of this fine first book, the poet is remarkably apt at her spells—she makes us feel the *need* for the formality that brings the dead to life, or rather restores the living to the larger universe in which the dead still live. Reassuring is the thirteenth poem in the cycle tracing the earlier tenants of her Massachusetts abode, "The Paperweight," in which Schnackenberg sees herself not only as the sorceress holding the glass ball with winter in it but as held by some surrounding sphere of influences as well—the magic is not only her own but that of some agency that contains the little lives, the ardent vanishings:

> We look at them just as the winter
> night
> With its vast empty spaces bends to
> see
> Our isolated little world of light,
> Covered with snow, and snow in
> clouds above it,
> And drifts and swirls too deep to
> understand.
> Still, I must try to think a little
> of it,
> With so much winter in my head and
> hand.

It is at these instances that the transports function, when the poet acknowledges the work, or even the play, of the wizard to be held within a larger hand:

> Much greater banquet-vanishings
> Without the quaint device and
> thunderclap
> Required in Act 3.
> ("Darwin in 1881")

So severe is the *façon* of William Logan's poetry—its figures drastic in their closure, their abeyance from sealed realm to realm; its measures slack with exhaustion, a tension literally beyond bearing; its vocabulary chastened to the point where any impulse toward eloquence is stupent—that my helpless hankering to follow his plot, to ferret out his story, in a word to understand him, is an unnecessary flourish in a world of grim finalities. If I thought that Donald Justice was bleak, that Mark Strand was self-inculpating, I had no idea how far these penalties could be carried. Here is a poetry so overdetermined in its fastidious "visionary circumstance" that a merely identifiable narrative would sentimentalize its occasion, give the show away. What Logan enacts is a world of colorless dooms, explicit yet impenetrable:

> Our common enemy is silence. There
> lurks
> No hidden order. What was obscure
> We obscured. What was obscene we
> Made obscene.
> ("She Arrives at Night,
> Unexpected")

Any one of these poems is enigmatic and resonant, but as an enveloping—

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imprisoning—structure they are more likely to foreclose than to mystify. The dreadful thing, what Cardinal Newman called some dark aboriginal catastrophe, has of course already occurred, unexplained yet somehow merited, and the poems merely map the horrible though quite lucid aftermath:

> Now the stars flower in the glass.
> I thought that windows gave us safety
> From the night, the way
> The sun's violence is turned
> By a common sky. Tonight they all
> are mirrors.
> ("The Misbegotten")

The bitter little sentences make up the lines, phrase by cunningly enjambed phrase, and the world is a darker place. Oddly, Logan takes his title from a moment in *Titus Andronicus* that ironically offers to teach us how to knit "this scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,/these broken limbs again into one body"—in other words, how to resurrect the dismembered god, to remember Osiris. Yet the only body made whole in these expert, lowering poems is the body of this death. Impossible to argue with the poet, to object that there must be—or have been—another impulse, a countering energy to afford the making of these very poems, even the constitution of such *grisaille*. He does not tell us that side of the tale, and risks flouting even such admiring readers as his art—painstaking and even foolproof—must earn for him. These are the poems in Prospero's drowned book. □

The Coup Before Last

CYNTHIA BROWN

BITTER FRUIT: The Untold Story of the American Coup in Guatemala. *By Stephen Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer. Doubleday and Company. 320 pp. $14.95.*

Here is a popular Guatemalan joke: the President, Gen. Fernando Romeo Lucas García, is walking along the avenue with a crow on his shoulder. When someone approaches and asks, "Will you sell that animal?" the bird answers, "No."

There is an ample pool of such jokes in Guatemala—attempts to defy with humor the escalating campaign of terror in which the government is implicated. Not that dissent has been permitted in the past; Amnesty International estimates that there were 20,000 politically related deaths between 1966 and 1976. The consensus among many people watching Guatemala today is that its level of violence has, in fact, surpassed that of El Salvador.

Given this situation, a book explaining the origins of the Guatemalan crisis could not be more timely. *Bitter Fruit* offers not only a survey of the last thirty-five years of Guatemalan history but also a coherent analysis of how a few forces—the United Fruit Company, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Guatemalan military, the U.S. State Department and the Pentagon—have shaped that history.

The heart of the book is a detailed exposé of the U.S. role in reversing a ten-year tide of Guatemalan social progress which began in 1944. This period produced the nation's first democratic elections, progressive labor legislation and a modest but courageous land-reform program. By organizing, financing and consolidating the coup of 1954, which returned Guatemala to military control, the Eisenhower Administration made the country its Latin American pilot project in C.I.A. interventionism. The authors follow the steps taken in Washington, Guatemala, Honduras, Somoza's Nicaragua and Trujillo's Dominican Republic in the campaign to unseat an elected nationalistic government. They are especially acute about "disinformation" methods—everything from radio broadcasts falsifying battle information to the manipulation of often amenable U.S. journalists who were instrumental in making Guatemala's name synonymous with the "Red threat" in Latin America.

In those days, Guatemala's largest landowner was the Boston-based United Fruit Company, which also controlled the nation's rail service and its only Atlantic port. When Col. Jacobo Arbenz, the reformist President, instituted his land-reform program (which affected only uncultivated land from the very largest estates), United Fruit fought back—much as I.T.T. did in

Cynthia Brown writes frequently for The Nation *on Latin American issues.*

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Chile two decades later, with the U.S. security apparatus doing the legwork. Schlesinger and Kinzer follow the ramifications of these events and demonstrate how the effects of U.S. policy in 1954 still influence Guatemala's political options.

The largest of the Central American countries, bordering on Mexico and possessing oil, Guatemala is the fattest "domino" in the region. *Bitter Fruit* is of interest, then, to anyone watching Central America now and to anyone concerned with the failure of recent U.S. policy there. Although it was not the authors' intention to draw wider implications from their material, the book would have benefited from some discussion of the impact of the coup on the development of militarism in Latin America and on C.I.A. adventurism in the region. The coup was a lesson that no popular movement or military force in Latin America failed to grasp. But as we find ourselves awash in a torrent of "white papers" on Guatemala, we are lucky to have *Bitter Fruit* as ballast—thorough, long overdue clarification. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can
Christiane F.

If I were writing this column in Paris, according to what I read in a recent issue of *Le Monde*, I might well prepare by sniffing a "line" of cocaine. That would fill me with confidence; it would also confirm my membership in the elite of "finance, politics, the press, show business, publishing, films and fashion"—heroin being distinctly lower class and LSD passé. Cocaine has become a fad in smart French circles, Patrick Benquet reports, following its introduction by members of the jet set returning from "the big cities of North America." It seems to be yet another instance of the rapid spread of infection in our frenetically mobile age.

I mention this somewhat frivolous article because I have just now seen two movies about addiction, which is indeed a ubiquitous problem. One of them, *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, was filmed in New York and Hollywood; the other, *Christiane F.*, was made in Berlin. Both are based on books written by (or for) former addicts whose experiences are said to be typical of large constituencies in their respective societies. The American film displays violent emotions against the background of big-time television. It is a "problem" melodrama of the sort that major studios have found a profitable way to demonstrate social responsibility. The German picture, which has the feel of a documentary, reminds me of a turn-of-century lecture on the evils of drink.

I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can deals with a "respectable" drug. According to notes provided by Paramount Pictures, some 8 million people a year have resort to the tranquilizer Valium; *The Medical Letter on Drugs and Therapeutics* is quoted as saying that it is "prescribed for oral administration more often than any other drug in the U.S.A." Used incautiously—and people for whom it is indicated are not always judicious—Valium can be habit-forming, and the effects of withdrawal are sometimes excruciating and frightening.

Barbara Gordon, from whose book the movie is derived and who is played on the screen by Jill Clayburgh, seems to have had a particularly desperate struggle with the drug. According to the film, her difficulties were exacerbated because her analyst over a period of ten years was one of those "Dr. Feelgoods" who minister to celebrities, and because her lover (Nicol Williamson) was a "closet" paranoiac. The implication is that she was drawn to these men out of childhood feelings of guilt and insecurity, which she masked with an obsessive drive for success.

Gordon, an award-winning producer of soap-opera documentaries, is introduced to us as she is editing her interview with Jean Martin (Geraldine Page), a teacher and poet who is courageously, and eloquently, dying of cancer. The film then runs through a series of crises, small and large, professional and personal, which cause the heroine to swallow one or more of the pills that she has hidden on her person. After an especially trying session with Martin, who detests the first version of the program, Gordon is about to swallow a batch of Valium. Instead, she spits the pills out and is seen running about her apartment, digging pill boxes out of innumerable hiding places and flushing their contents down the toilet. At that point the melodrama begins.

Deprived of the drug, Gordon's nerves fly out of control. She begins to itch and tremble; she collapses in spasms of pain; she sweats and screams. And Derek, her lover, a lawyer who now reveals that he has not had a client in months, will not let her call for assistance, lest her condition become known. He locks the doors, guards the phone. Swigging vodka and moaning over his own humiliations, he grows berserk to the point of beating Gordon up and tying her to a chair.

Gordon escapes by a ruse and is soon in the hands of an honorable, though for me intolerably smug, psychoanalyst (Dianne Wiest). Julie Addison is one of those analysts who proceed by insights so telepathically accurate and therapies so rapidly effective that they are in constant demand for movies and have time to practice only on the screen. Restored to blooming health, Gordon returns to the studio, scorns the sadistic insults of a new program chief and remakes her documentary according to suggestions given her earlier by the now-deceased Jean Martin. What happened to poor crazy Derek is not divulged.

The main facts of *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, as transcribed from the book by scriptwriter David Rabe, may well be an accurate summary of Barbara Gordon's travail. And the spectacle of her suffering should admonish other success-driven urbanites to go easy with the baby-blue nerve candy. But the larger audience, which is made up neither of overachievers nor of subsisters on Valium, may decide that what they have seen looks too much like a movie to look much like life. It is the first film to be made by Jack Hofsiss, who directed *The Elephant Man* at St. Peter's Church and later on Broadway, but it has the glossy opulence and implausible narrative efficiency of other Hollywood ventures into contemporary problems. Every scene makes its point as obviously as though it were ringing a gong. The dialogue is much too condensed, much too pertinent, to sound like speech. The characters are kept so busy revealing themselves that they get no chance to show who they are. And we all know by now how expert Clayburgh is at depicting women who battle their way to the top of a man's world despite their feminine vulnerabilities. Her roles appeal because they

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are put together from bits and pieces, and the viewers recognize fragments of themselves in the jigsaw puzzle. As the program notes say, with perhaps unintended candor, "she is a synthesis of current attitudes." A synthesis is not a plausible human being, and a movie, though it strives to build scrupulously on fact, can nevertheless fail to ring true.

Christiane F., which is about heroin-addicted children (Christiane was 13 when she started on the drug), is a much more horrifying movie. It is almost unbearable, and I am surprised to learn from the American distributor that the film, based on a compilation of Christiane's tape recordings, has drawn unprecedented crowds in both Switzerland and West Germany. (Of course, part of the attraction may have been the "special participation" of David Bowie, who wrote the music.) If I had not intended to write about it, I would have left midway through the screening. It is pointless to endure that sort of punishment, particularly if you have no personal association with the evil described and no feasible way of combating it.

To be sure, that is another way of saying that *Christiane F.* is, on its own terms, an excellent work. In fact, it is a superlative pseudodocumentary, and devastatingly convincing. It was made by Ulrich Edel, a young TV director, who cast it entirely with nonprofessionals, most of them high school students, only one of whom had had any experience with heroin. The story is pathetically banal. Christiane (Natja Brunkhorst) is the lonely daughter of divorced parents. A school chum introduces her to a discothèque, a huge warren of a place, strobe-lighted and awash with every form of drug, from pills to LSD to heroin. Christiane becomes the sweetheart of Detlev (Thomas Haustein), a gentle youth who has begun to take heroin. She is at first appalled by his folly, but soon, and despite his passionate objection, is on the drug itself. Only thus, she feels, can she remain close to the one person who has a real affection for her.

The debasement of these two is rapid and loathsome. They become filthy, emaciated, covered with sores. They no longer go home, but sleep in a pad stripped of everything salable or in the washrooms of the subway system. Mostly they and their companions

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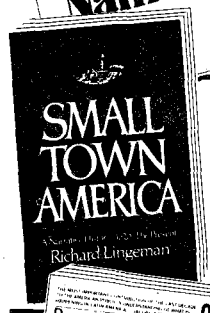

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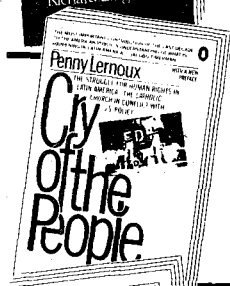

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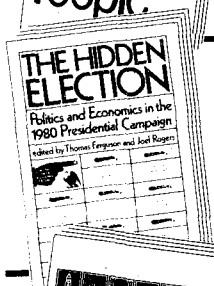

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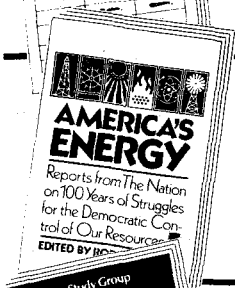

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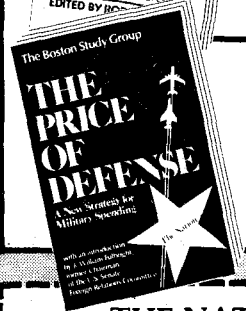

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haunt the Zoo station, where men drive up and hire them for an hour or so of degenerate sex. Christiane and Detlev share the torments of withdrawal and rid themselves of the drug; but once "clean" they realize that their only friends are junkies, and they shoot up "just once" to prove that now they can take it or leave it. The second plunge carries them even faster and deeper into the hell of heroin. One by one, the boys and girls in their crowd die, and it seems apparent that Christiane and Detlev will not long survive. Then abruptly the film ends, and we hear the girl's voice saying that her mother found her and took her off to relatives in the country, where eventually she recovered.

The movie leaves questions in its wake. One is surprised that the revolting traffic in drugs and sex at the Zoo station goes unnoticed by the authorities. Perhaps it is because the station is in East Germany and the victims are West Germans. And I wondered why Christiane's mother waited so long to rescue her. She is portrayed as deeply worried about the girl, and she knew where to find her. However, as I said at the start, *Christiane F.* is not a story in the usual sense; it is a temperance tract. Watching it, I was reminded of those grisly shows put on by the Anti-Saloon League that featured jars containing deformed brains and livers preserved in formaldehyde. Christiane, Detlev and the others are similar "specimens," the difference being that they are still alive and one must observe their agonies. The picture was released abroad a year ago, and it would be assuaging to hear that it has caused some reaction beyond long lines at the box office. Nothing is said to that effect. □

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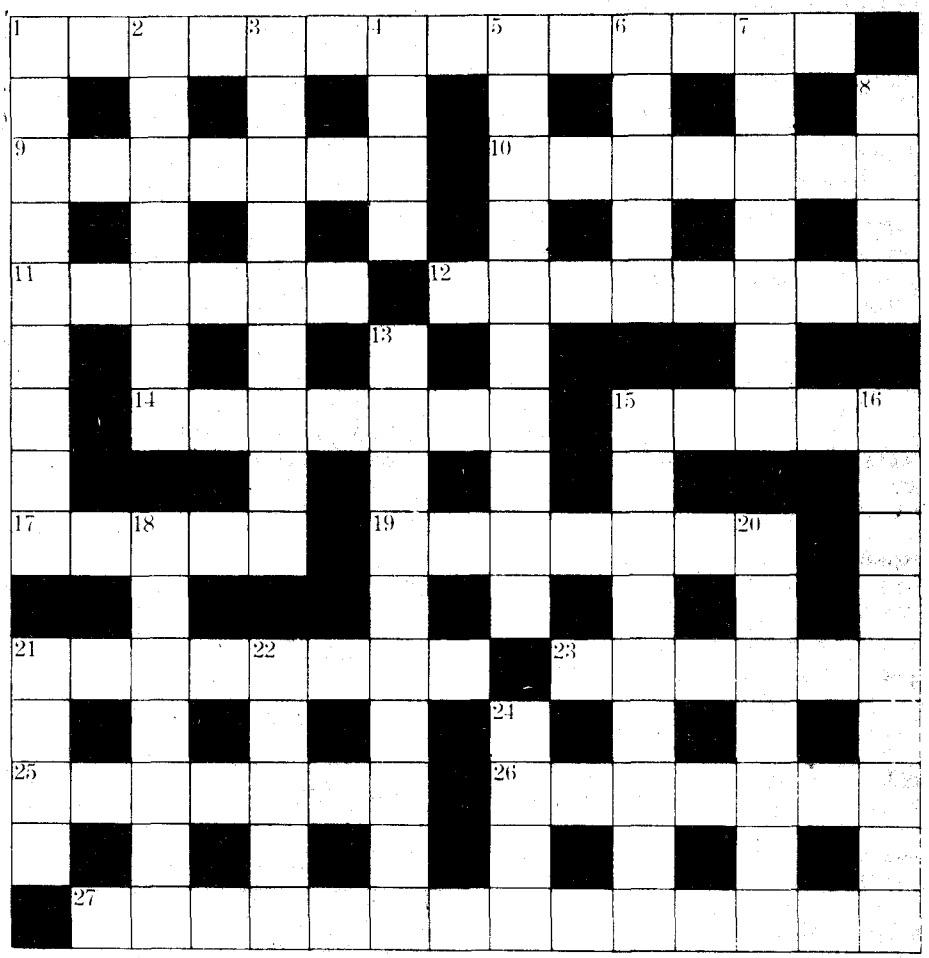

ACROSS

1 Something like a trombone guides cattle? (8,6)
9 Do such itinerants keep stray pigs? Yes! (7)
10 An article is lion-hearted—but such an officer isn't necessarily in charge of affairs! (7)
11 Chisholm and Santa Fe, e.g. (6)
12 Sized up as being certain to be in the drink! (8)
14 Canceled performance for The Egotist? (4-3)
15 Looks as though Uncle went to a School of the Dance. (5)
17 Not the net result of being unpolished. (5)
19 With which some women take the veil. (Sort of artificial when an animal goes to extremes.) (7)
21 Storeman in the organization of Auerbach and Lerner. (8)
23 If in the army, likely to be down in the dumps. (6)
25 Waste time in cooking? (7)
26 Mark time with the family. (7)
27 Old Marxian zoological specimens, appreciated not only by children. (6,8)

DOWN

1 and 16 Keystone Kops, but not in slow motion! (They might help prevent strikes.) (9,9)
2 Sounds like a ban on oriental stagefare! (2,5)
3 Looks like the son is somewhat hazy when he comes up with the family possessions. (9)
4 and 18 Stop talking for a period! (11)
5 A possible standard angle, with a buggy connection. (6,4)
6 George Eliot, with lead quarters around. (5)
7 Rum sort of place for an 18—or should I say a peculiar sort? (7)
8 Lady Geraint gets up to eat (in Oklahoma). (4)
13 There's more than one side to such things! (10)
15 Thus, classically, a dancing nymph with nothing else, perhaps suggesting music. (9)
16 See 1 down
18 See 4
20 In Ireland, you almost have to murder on a dare. (7)
21 A blow on the wrist, perhaps. (4)
22 It's a fact that dirt rises at the middle. (5)
24 It might be difficult to see or hear. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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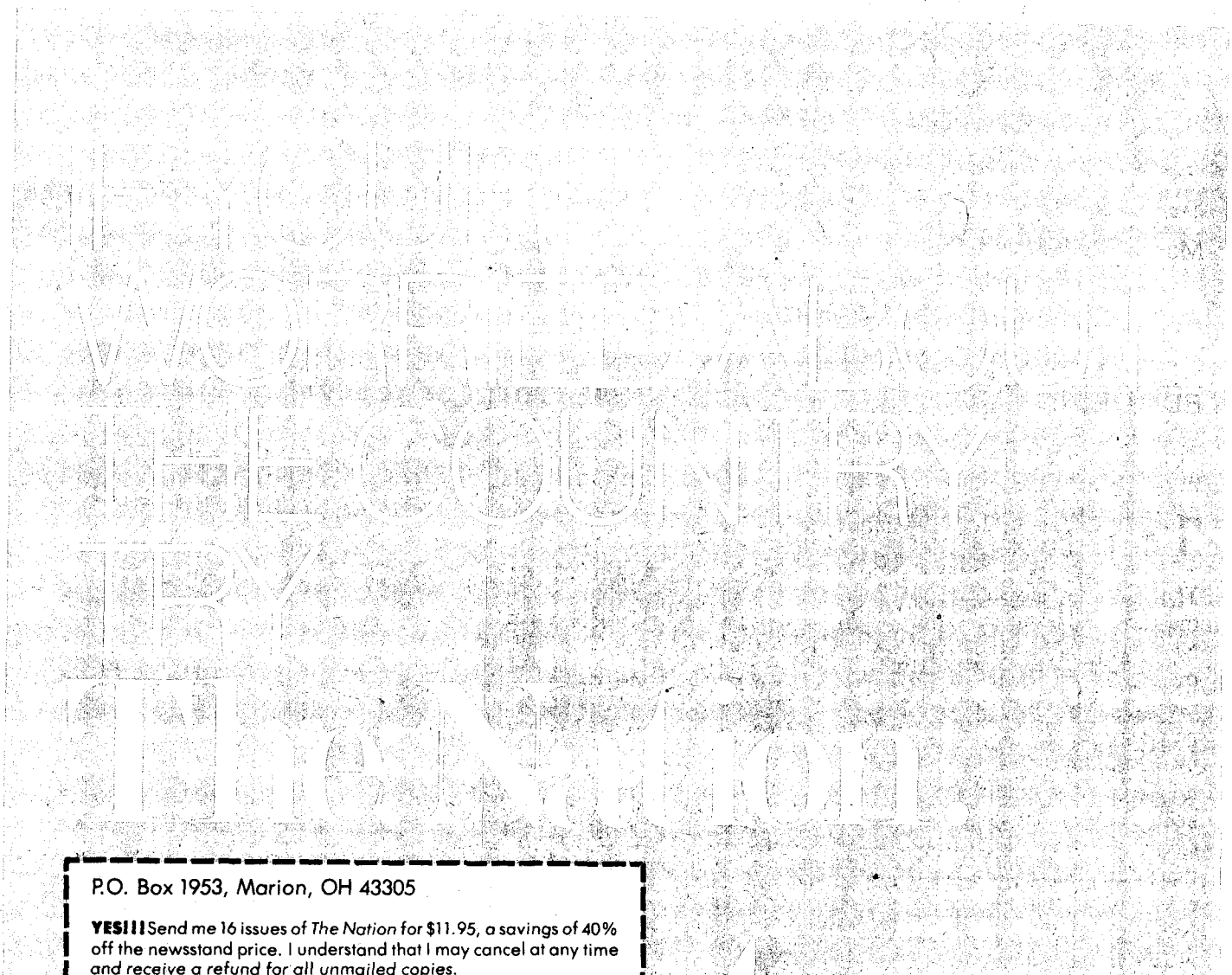

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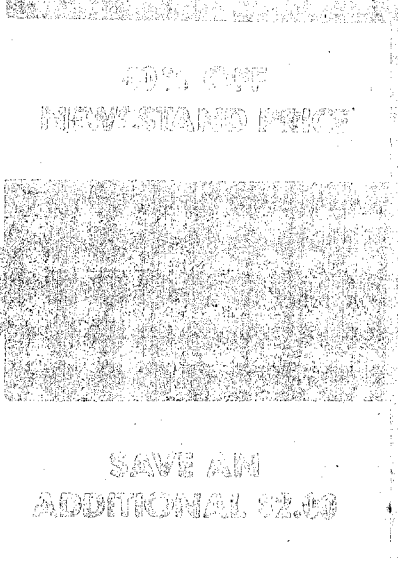

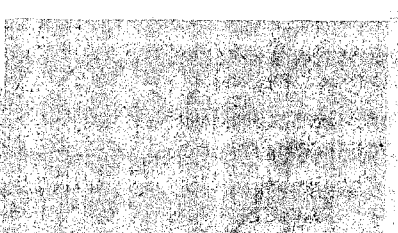

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